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OCT 13 1944

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXVIII. No. 709. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1944 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	193
HOUSING THE NATION	195
IS NAZIFIED GERMAN YOUTH CURABLE? By Heinrich Fraenkel	196
A PARIS DIARY. By John Pudney	197
THIS ENGLAND	197
CONTEMPORARY ITALY. I. THE NORTH. By Carlo Marini	198
HOLIDAYS IN BRITAIN. By Aylmer Vallance	198
THE FALLEN. By Frances Cornford	199
THE FUNERAL. By W. R. Rodgers	199
RICHARD III AND THE OLD VIC REPERTORY. By Desmond MacCarthy	201
THE MOVIES. By William Whitebait	202
CORRESPONDENCE	203
From Michael Padev; M. Bajorinas; Evelyn Hurley; F. F. Seeley; Arthur D. Clegg; C. H. Rolph; and others.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Margaret Lane	205
REVIEWS:	Page
Nestor. By Noel Annan	206
An Adult Nation. By C. V. Wedgwood	207
A Vexed Question. By Edward Sackville West	207
Norfolk Worthies. By Ralph Partridge	208
The Medea. By C. M. Bowra	209
The Unfinished Revolution. By J. P. Mayer	209
Shorter Notices	210
New Pamphlets	210
WEEK-END COMPETITION	211

OUR RESPONSIBILITY IN EUROPE

TEMPERAMENTAL buoyancy and personal enjoyment in the art of war have sustained both Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt through difficult years. Viewed from the heights of Quebec the military prospect is splendid; there is plenty to justify a blaze of high spirits and a tone of triumph and confidence. France and Belgium have been freed with wonderful speed and with much less than the anticipated loss of American and British lives, and it is a matter for congratulation that the Allies have mastered and surpassed the enemy in the use of the new techniques of airborne armies and mechanised warfare, which the Germans were first to invent. Neither the Siegfried line or the Rhine will long impede our advance. In the Far East also the hopes of early victory are brighter than we had the right to expect.

This is how the picture looks as long as we think of flags on a map; as long as we talk in terms of national triumph and do not let ourselves consider the omens for the future of mankind. But as soon as we turn to the actualities we are impressed by the adolescent irresponsibility of some of Mr. Churchill's phrases. What are soldiers in the forgotten outposts in Burma and New Guinea, fighting a remorseless enemy in a cruel climate, to think when they are told by the Prime Minister that we do not wish to miss any of the "fun" (as the B.B.C. reported it), or of "the good things" (as the press accounts prefer to translate it)? Strange words for a process whereby human beings are being disembowelled, roasted to death, drowned, blown into fragments, or are dying slowly of agonising wounds.

Back in the House of Commons, Mr. Churchill will no doubt discuss in sober phrases the social and political problems that demand all the adult wisdom that he can summon to our aid. First among them is the situation that confronts our armies when they advance into the Reich. Probably the behaviour of the people in the frontier village of Rötgen may be fairly typical. They met our men with smiles and cups of coffee: They wanted, they said, only to see the end of the Nazis and their war, and they declared that three in four of their fellow-countrymen felt as they did. Meanwhile, behind the Front, Nazi propaganda was doing its utmost to whip up a spirit of suicidal resistance. Youths and old men have been driven into the ranks and a special effort is being made to train the Hitler Youth, always apt for destruction, in scorched earth tactics. In them and in others their leaders strive to arouse a fanatical fury by accusing our troops of every species of atrocity, including wholesale rape. Two struggles are going on simultaneously. There is the straightforward military struggle between our armies, fresh and confident of victory and the dispirited levies of the enemy, many of them poorly armed and only half trained. Secondly, there is the struggle of the Nazis to arouse against us the enmity, if not the militant ardour, of the masses, weary, dazed and indifferent after twelve exhausting years of privation, hard work and war.

In this second struggle, the Nazis will use, as their wont is, every device of cruelty and deceit. One instance may suffice to illustrate the tactics with which we shall have to cope. The little town of Wallendorf, as the Americans approached it, was lavishly decorated with white flags. As they marched in, they were sniped by sharpshooters concealed in the houses. By way of penalty their commander, after removing the inhabitants, burned the whole place to the ground. This is what the Nazis wanted. If they can provoke us into actions that confirm their picture of us as ruthless conquerors they hope to win support among an at present apathetic mass. We must expect the systematic repetition of these tactics, with many variations. The confirmed Nazis, trained in the S.S., will be organised for guerilla warfare, sniping and assassination. They will harry us as we advance, and they may maintain their underground resistance during the Military Occupation. If our reply is collective punishment on the model of Wallendorf, we shall increasingly find ourselves forced to govern Germany as the Germans governed the territories they occupied—by terror.

The ghastly massacre at Buchenwald is part of the same Nazi policy. The Nazis have stated that this concentration camp was bombed by American planes on August 28th, with the result that 7,500 of its prisoners were killed, among them the Communist leader Thaelmann and a former Foreign Minister of the Weimar period, Dr. Breitscheid, a Social Democrat. The explanation of the slaughter is almost certainly false.

No Allied planes operated in this district on that day: it is also significant that no mention is made of any injured victims. The truth is then that the Nazis are determined to massacre all who might lead the anti-Nazis forces. For some time past both Swiss and Swedish observers have reported that all over the Reich Himmler was rounding up and interning everyone capable in any degree of leadership, whom the Nazis cannot trust—every former member of the Reichstag, for example, and of the provincial Diets, Catholics and independent Conservatives as well as Socialists and Communists. The madmen who organised the slaughter-houses of Lublin will think nothing of beheading their own nation.

In destroying Hitler's loathsome New Order we have undertaken the immense responsibility of laying the foundation of a decent order in Europe. If the intention is, as it seems to be, to extinguish German sovereignty for a period and govern the country directly, the burden of restoring order will fall on the Allies. We shall have to manage the food supply. We shall have to sustain the currency. It will be our task to find work for the millions who will face starvation and unemployment, when the chimneys of the munition plants cease to smoke. It will devolve on us to house the multitudes whose homes our bombers have destroyed. This work, difficult at the best, will be beyond us, if we fail to secure the confidence of the saner part of the German population. History will judge us in the long run not by our prowess in the field, but by our success in restoring Europe as an integral whole to hope and productive work.

The Eastern Borderland

The Russians are consolidating their influence throughout their Eastern borderland by a series of settlements which are admitted by their sharpest critics to be sagacious as well as moderate. They are realists who have no use for the sentimentalism of "unconditional surrender." The peace with Finland follows in its broad lines the offer of last March, but reduces the indemnity to £75 millions, payable in six years, the same figure that was imposed on Rumania, a very much richer country. The Russians acquire Petsamo district, with its valuable ice-free port. Do the nickel mines, which belong to the Canadian monopoly, go with it? Instead of Hangö, the Russians are to get by lease as a naval base the headland of Pokkala. This is an awkward demand, because Russia's road and rail communications with this base will pass through Helsinki. In every other respect the terms are surprisingly moderate. In Rumania's case the list of war-criminals who have to be surrendered for trial begins with Antonescu, and includes several Germans, among them Dr. Clodius, the Nazi commercial agent, on what charges is not known. In Bulgaria, meanwhile, the change of front has had something of the character of a popular revolution. Communist influence is here (as it was in republican Spain) for moderation, and in the Ministry it is the group of professional soldiers which calls itself the Republican Party, that holds the key positions. But the popular pressure for an advanced social policy is likely to be irresistible and we judge that the monarchy is doomed. It was fortunate that Russia's unexpected declaration of war, which brought her troops in, took the settlement out of the atmosphere of Cairo. Even in Poland, where the Russians have changed their policy towards Warsaw, chances of settlement are brighter. The Polish Premier now speaks of Warsaw as a symbol of post-war allied unity.

Inside Greece

Until the Communists and the E.A.M. decided to join Mr. Papandreou's Cabinet, there was a serious possibility that the internal dissensions both inside Greece and amongst the emigrés might have led to civil war as soon as the German occupation troops were withdrawn. That chance was very much diminished by the recent agreement, though to judge by some reports which recently appeared in the press a campaign is being organised to persuade British official and public opinion that the withdrawal of the Germans is leaving the free areas in a state of upheaval and conflict. The conservative elements, it was said, might join hands with the quisling Security Battalions in order to prevent the Left wing guerrillas from gaining control. The moral is that an Allied force should be sent to Greece at once. This argument, however, seems to be contradicted by the facts. Since the Germans began their evacuation of large areas of Greece, E.L.A.S. partisans have occupied scores of townships in the Peloponnese and on the mainland, also controlling some of the Aegean islands. Only in one case, at Pyrgos in the Peloponnese, do we know of a serious clash occurring between the Liberation units and the Security Battalions, ending in a complete defeat for the quisling troops. Elsewhere, in Karditsa, Kavalla, Missolonghi and other places now under E.A.M. control, the Security Battalions have either surrendered to the partisans or evacuated with the Nazis. Apart from the arrest of more prominent collaborators and traitors, there are no reports of disorder or civil strife. Naturally, we suppose that the desire for Allied military help is not confined to those who fear the Greek Left. The E.A.M. has fought too hard a battle not to hope that in the final struggle against the invader, they will have the support of well-equipped allies.

The Border Regions

In recent years the Communist Border Regions have been cut off from contact with both the outside world and the rest of China. The blockade has extended to news as well as supplies. A few months ago, however, a group of Chinese and foreign journalists were permitted to enter Yenan, and the *New York Times* has published a series of remarkable despatches on the situation there. The reports emphasise the strict control and supervision which an important group of Chungking's army has exercised over the approaches to Yenan. In these regions some of the best equipped and trained troops of the Central Government have been immobilised for years for the purpose of blockading the Communists, who have been admittedly the most energetic and sincere of the anti-Japanese forces. Before the journalists left Chungking they were told that any "Communist statements" they wished to send back to their papers would only be passed by the censor if they were accompanied by "appropriate refutation." The cables go on to describe the ardour and enthusiasm of the Communist troops, their interest in world affairs, the efficient agricultural system they had set up in the Border Region; they also succeeded in recording criticisms made by Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai, the Communist leaders, of Chungking's anti-democratic bias. One of the longer reports tells of a meeting of the Regional People's Council. Here a score of farmers, intellectuals and soldiers discussed the problems of governing this isolated area, most of which is nominally controlled by Japanese garrisons. In keeping with their agreement, the Communists only had eight members on the Council. Similarly, in the network of local councils, out of nearly a thousand councillors, only the agreed proportion were Communists. From these reports, it is clear that the Border Regions have a successful and democratic administration which may be a much more powerful ally against the Japanese, if Generalissimo Chiang sincerely tries to implement his recent acceptance of most of the Communist proposals for a compromise.

A Jewish Brigade

Early in 1940 the leaders of the Zionist movement won Mr. Churchill's assent in principle to the creation of a Jewish army. At that time it would have been formed largely from American volunteers and European refugees. The commander whom the Jews had in mind was General (then only Captain) Wingate. For four years the policy of appeasing the Arabs stood in the way, though volunteer units of Palestinian Jews fought well in North Africa and Italy. This week comes the announcement that the idea is to be realised at last in an attenuated form, as the war in Europe nears its end. The Jewish Brigade group, with its own artillery and auxiliary troops, will be formed chiefly from Palestinian units and will have the Star of David as its badge. Late though it comes, we welcome this victory over anti-Semitic prejudice.

Labour Prospects

When the Annual Conference of the Labour Party meets, delegates will know that a general election is to be expected within a few months, and that a Labour majority is a possibility. How far the "Left" sentiment at home and in the Forces is canalised for Labour depends largely on the emergence of a convincing leadership. Labour leaders are now very efficiently carrying out administrative duties, inside the Coalition which, it is agreed, will break up before the election. In consequence the country does not know with any clarity for what policy Labour stands, and Labour will be handicapped on every platform by being implicated in Conservative plans. Clearly Labour Ministers should be ready with a definite and challenging appeal on all the main social issues, so that when they do come out of the Government their programme will be distinct from Conservative policy. At present there are too many leakages and not enough forthright speaking. Mr. Morrison was misreported last week. He did not suggest that Labour should remain in the Coalition until Japan was defeated, nor was it his fault that a damaging rumour has run round that Labour might be willing to rejoin a coalition after the election. A new element of doubt has arisen from an article which appeared in last week's *Sunday Express* by Mr. Maurice Webb, who was for long political correspondent of the *Daily Herald*. Mr. Webb announced that Ernest Bevin was likely after the war to be Managing-editor of a new radical daily paper, to start which, Mr. Webb says, the necessary funds are available. Mr. Bevin was more than anyone else responsible for procuring the *Daily Herald* for Labour, and the suggestion that he would himself run what could not help being a rival paper, and that from some unknown source he has the large sum of money (certainly not less than two million pounds) necessary for starting a new journal, naturally arouses a great deal of interest. Mr. Bevin is the most powerful and imaginative Labour leader, and it seems a thousand pities that the country should not be offered an alternative Labour government, which would include all the present Labour leaders, and which, if it needed outside support after the election, could find it in other groups of progressives. Obviously it would be absurd for it to oppose individuals like Sir Stafford Cripps and Sir William Beveridge (who will probably become Liberal M.P. for Berwick) who should be natural allies in a progressive government after the war.

Returning to their Vomit

The Memoirs of responsible people—Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George amongst them—bear witness to the damage that was done to the last peace-treaty by the irresponsibility of stunt newspapers and a group of emotional M.P.s. That our statesmen are to be embarrassed in the same way at the end of this war is already clear. The worst symptom we have yet seen is a questionnaire sent from the office of the *Sunday Despatch* by the Marquess of Donegall to his "fellow legislators" in both Houses of Parliament. The questionnaire divides, as sheep from goats, those who wish, and those who do not wish, for "strong measures" against Germany. Strong measures include "Massacre?" "Sterilisation?" and also the "Abolition of war industries?" and "Control of scientific research?" We have yet to meet anyone who seriously desires the first two or who does not want the two second measures. It is obvious that nothing but fog could result from such a questionnaire. The division is not between strong and soft measures. The tests are whether the measures we adopt will be approved in a few years' time (most of the fire-eaters in the House of Commons and the press after the last war were soon wanting to trade with Germany, and were ardent upholders of Munich), whether they will be effective in keeping the peace and whether they will improve the economic and social welfare of Europe (including Britain). We are glad to notice that in the London press these tests are accepted by the *Times*, the *News-Chronicle* and the *Economist*.

The Black-Outlook

We get used to our chains. Londoners have not rushed so enthusiastically to tear down their black-outs as the authorities expected. But then one reason is that most people cannot quickly (and without additional coupons) substitute dim-out for the complicated black black-out arrangements that have served them for the last five years. And when those who did make the attempt discovered that they had to return to complete black-out if the siren went, they gave up the whole thing as a bad job. Two questions remain. First is there any good reason, when the danger is from purely mechanical weapons why we should have to maintain complete black-out during a raid? Secondly, why should street lighting not be improved? Technical reasons may prevent an immediate return to full light, but the present Stygian darkness could surely be relieved. To announce the end of black-out and then to maintain its full gloom is absurd.

HOUSING THE NATION

WIDESPREAD among the homeless there is a cynical assumption that the housing fiasco of 1919 will be repeated. The homeless, now generally sharing accommodation with relatives, or living as lodgers in the houses of strangers, include those who have lost their homes through enemy action—and in London alone there are estimated to be more than a million of these—and hundreds of thousands of young mothers whose husbands are serving with the armed forces. The Government, acutely aware of this housing crisis, is in fact extremely anxious to avoid the worst blunders of the inter-war years. But that is not enough. Ministers might ponder the little story of the three boys who tried to see who could make the straightest line across a snow-covered field to the gate on the opposite side. The first went badly astray because he kept his eyes fixed on his own feet; the second made an equally poor effort by trying not to go where the first one had been; the third kept his eyes on the gate, and made a better job of the crossing. The attempts to get houses built to meet an overwhelming shortage after the last war, and the almost total disregard for all other relevant considerations, are reminiscent of boy number one; we now seem to be in the position of boy number two: we lack the courage of boy number three. Departmentalism has gone so far that we cannot review the housing problem as a whole. We have to consider it under seven headings.

1. *Dispersal of Industry.*—The question of the location of industry, and the amount of control that must be exercised over it, has to be settled before any far-reaching plans are made, and before any new urban developments take place. To take two of the most obvious examples. Are the factories built in the middle of agricultural country—sited for strategic reasons only—to be the nuclei of new industries and new towns, or are they to be done away with? Is industry, displaced by bombing, to be re-established, or to take up new sites, in the Greater London area, or not? The Government has announced acceptance of the main principles advocated in the Barlow Report—but vaguely. It has given no definite guidance to local authorities. The Board of Trade, whose President made a pronouncement on the Government's attitude, is interested in this problem but exclusively from the point of view of preventing unemployment.

2. *The Control of Land Use.*—The key to the White Paper published on June 23rd is an attempt to devise a "system whereby individual rights of land tenure may be reconciled with the best use of land in the national interest." The recommendations of the Scott and Uthwatt Reports are neither accepted nor wholly rejected. The Government accepts in principle the recommendations of the Uthwatt Committee for the acquisition of land in areas requiring redevelopment as a whole, and although it rejects the Committee's carefully worked out proposals for dealing with Compensation and Betterment, it goes beyond the Report in recognising that there must be a National Fund for Compensation and Betterment administered by a National Land Commission. The recommendation of the Uthwatt Committee that land scheduled for new development and re-development should always be publicly acquired is rejected, but the 80 per cent. levy on the increase in value of privately owned land due to permission to develop or re-develop for a different use, is accepted.

3. *Town Planning.*—In this case the White Paper was followed by a Bill, for which the Government majority on the second reading was 253. There is still no statement of policy—only an obsession with the idea of avoiding past mistakes. However, here again there are important developments. Facilities for procedure and financing are granted for acquiring and re-developing as a whole land in areas of extensive war damage, and, with not quite the same facilities, land in areas of bad layout and obsolete development which need redeveloping as a whole, together with "overspill" from those areas. This last provision will obviously provide scope for enterprising authorities. Power is also given to acquire land and undertake any kind of development with the Minister's consent, but the crucial matter of Exchequer contributions is shelved. There is no power to acquire land for open spaces as such.

4. *Design of Dwellings and establishment of National Standards.*—The Government is responsible for valuable research work in these most important fields. "Design of Dwellings," reviewed in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION in a leading article on July 22nd this year, is, with the exception of a shocking compromise on floor space, a fine piece of work. With regard to standards of building and fittings, infinite care has been taken, and there is no fault to find with the recommendations. So far, so good. But was there not a Tudor Walters Report in 1918? That report certainly influenced local authority building, but several millions of houses erected by private enterprise, including many aided by Government grants, failed to come up to the standards of the Tudor Walters house. We anxiously await legislation to implement the present proposals.

5. *Rural Housing.*—In this case the publication of the Report on Rural Housing prepared by the Sub-Committee of the Ministry of Health was followed by a Circular, on May 24th of this year, to County Councils and Rural District Councils, in which the Minister accepts in general the recommendations of the Report, subject to the availability of building labour and to legislation dealing with subsidies. This has not yet been introduced. The Report is an excellent document. It deals with the responsibilities of the Central Government and County Councils, with administrative problems, sanitary inspection, and the reconditioning of existing properties, as well as the provision of new houses at rentals within the means of agricultural workers.

6. *Temporary or Emergency Housing, and Site Clearance.*—In this field the Government has been active; although so far only one prototype house has been erected, criticised, amended and approved by the Ministries concerned. The summary of opinion on the Portal House is that it is at once too good and not good enough. It is impossible to give exact estimates, but if the house costs £550, it will be more than a temporary house, and it certainly should not be a permanent house. The Housing (Temporary Accommodation) Bill, with the schemes for the erection of 250,000 Portal houses, however, met with such a stormy reception, that the debate had to be postponed. It may be practical to build around the Portal—or similar emergency—house; to give it a warm, strong outer coat and permanent roof. But such a plan could not be adopted universally—the country does not want 2½ or 3 million uniform two-bedroom bungalows as a permanency. This raises the whole vital question of where the houses are to be, and so back again to planning. Portal houses need careful siting and proper servicing. Where are the permanent houses to go? There is also the whole problem of policy as between the houses to be built by traditional methods, and the house which is wholly or partly factory made. The Union of Building Trade Workers asserts that good houses can be built to any number required by traditional methods by a building industry organised as a social service. On the other hand, we have passed the stage when the factory-made house need be confused with a temporary or emergency house. It can embody traditional materials, and can be as "permanent" as the building erected brick by brick in the open air. Whether it will be quite as likeable or not is another matter.

The Housing (Temporary Provisions) Act, extending contributions under the 1938 Act to Local Authority housing provided before October 1st, 1947, and speeding up the acquisition of sites, became law on August 3rd this year. Ministry Circulars have been sent out on the help to be given by the Government on the advance preparation of housing sites, and dealing with the desirability of making immediate arrangements with Public Utility Undertakings.

7. *Finance.*—The Town and Country Planning Bill assumes that Local Authorities will meet costs by borrowing, and Exchequer grants are payable equal to the loan charges. *There is no grant for reconstruction schemes as such other than those related to war-damaged areas*, and the financial proposals as they stand are absurdly inadequate. If the National Fund for Compensation and Betterment is set up, the position should improve; but why was it not set up as part of the Bill? As it is, compensation in relation to planning is postponed for five years, with the understanding that the "1939 basis" for payment is to be the "standard."

To summarise. The initiative in planning is with the Local Authorities. They have considerable powers for dealing with the redevelopment of war-damaged areas, and areas of bad layout and obsolete development, with land for "overspill"—an important provision, as it enables them to reduce densities in central areas as part of the redevelopment schemes, and with Government grants. Further opportunities to plan are granted, but are not backed by finance. This is supposing the Bill becomes law. Secondly the Government, and the steel interests, are eager to supply temporary houses, and erect them on sites provided and prepared by local authorities. That, apart from numerous White Papers, circulars and reports, is as far as we have come.

What are the prospects of homes for the people? Local Authorities may gain new vitality after the war; at present they are inclined to be stale and tired. But new members will lack experience and training. The wisest local authorities have spent the last three years in planning. Some have published plans, or interim reports; there are a few instances of county planning. Presumably most authorities have made some plans, and secured some sites. Ironically it is often the best authorities that, in their desire to aid their distressed populations, have planned to build over the only available open spaces on the outskirts of towns already far too large. In the case of London, every difficulty is accentuated. Greater London had a pre-war population of eight and three-quarter millions. Controversy still rages over the County of London plan: the metropolitan boroughs have sent in their comments to the Council, and it will be more than difficult to reconcile their views, and to secure the essential co-operation of railway companies. The problems are countless and serious. It has now been stated officially that over a million Londoners are homeless, and "secondary repairs" to houses damaged in the recent raids (including reinstatement of partition walls and ceilings, and much other essential work) have hardly been begun. It is estimated that only about 50,000 to 60,000 persons can be housed in the temporary huts which it is proposed to erect—though pressure will be brought to bear to try to increase this figure. Once again, the plight of London brings us back to the need for national planning. From every point of view London is too large. There is at last general recognition of the fact that vast "conurbations" are intrinsically harmful to human beings. The suburban sprawl was in itself a proof of the desire to get away from the most congested districts. Now that town-dwellers have seen something of life in the country and smaller towns, some younger married people and the families would welcome life in a community which offered the advantages of country as well as town. But this would be dependent on the provision of suitable work and up-to-date housing in the country towns—and so far this is lacking.

On every count the preparation of plans for housing the people has so far been piecemeal and inadequate in the extreme. The homes have not been prepared.

IS NAZIFIED GERMAN YOUTH CURABLE ?

A violently active, dominating, intrepid, brutal youth—that is what I am after . . . I want to see in its eyes the gleam of pride and independence of the beast of prey. I will have no intellectual training. Knowledge is ruin to my young men.

HITLER'S own words. And his Minister of Education, Bernhard Rust, said the same thing with commendable brevity : " The whole function of all education is to create a Nazi."

This *has* been accomplished by the regime. Though, to say that this is due to something inherent in the German character or " blood " is just silly, or worse : inverted Goebbelism. Actually, the " conquest " of Youth (favourite Fascist terminology) has been accomplished by every totalitarian regime, thanks to its deliberately puerile ideology and the methodical disruption of family life. In Germany, in 1932, the *Hitler Jugend* had 50,000 members only out of five millions organised in various groupings of the *Jugendbewegung*. All this was *gleichgeschaltt* when the regime came to power : yet, after trying " voluntary " enrolment for three years, they had to make membership of the *H.J.* compulsory. Which proves (along with a great deal of other evidence) that there was some resistance at first. There is some now, and growing, too. Yet the fact remains—we would dodge it at our peril —that the majority of German youth is nazified.

The results have been in evidence for more than eleven years now : first in the German concentration camps where the guards are hand-picked and methodically brutalised youngsters, and then, worse than ever, at the front and in the occupied territories : S.S. youngsters shrieking with hysterical laughter during the execution of civilians ; young officers hanging kittens from toy-gallows when there were no more Russians left to be hanged ; the same in France and in Italy, too, whence a British soldier, disbelieving at first, wrote home :

> It is not even organised terrorism, but cruelty and bestiality practised for its own sake, the worst offenders being German boys between the ages of 16 and 18.

Along with such appalling moral depravity we have an intellectual decline which seems unbelievable, considering that little over a decade ago Germany was rightly renowned for a particularly high standard of learning. On this painful subject, even the Goebbels-controlled Press is allowed to let off steam from time to time, generally on one and the same day, such as the *Hamburger Tageblatt* of February 11, 1941 :

> . . . Apprentices not only seem unable to spell properly, but also fall far below the old standards in arithmetic. At a recent examination for 179 apprentices, 94 spelt names without capital letters, and 81 misspelt Goethe's name (in 17 different ways).

Or the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (the same day) :

> According to the Stuttgart Chamber of Commerce, candidates for shortened training courses " displayed a very poor grounding in reading, writing and arithmetic."

Very significant too are these results (printed below) of an interrogation of prisoners at the Russian front :

Significantly, the only one who gave more or less correct answers was the 37-year-old gardener, the only one who must have finished his schooling before the advent of the regime.

The same Hitler who once said, " I am liberating man from the degrading chimera known as conscience," has expressed his " educational " principles time and again, though hardly ever as precisely as in his speech of May 1, 1937 :

> We still have among us old-fashioned people who are not fit for anything. They get in our way like cats and dogs. But this does not worry us. *We will take away their children.* We will not permit them to lapse into the old way of thinking. We will take them away when they are ten years old and bring them up in the spirit of nationalism until they are eighteen. They shall not escape us. They will join the Party, the S.A., the S.S., and other formations. Later on they will do two years of military service. Who shall dare say that such a training will not produce a nation ?

It did produce a generation of rowdy, morally and mentally deficient robot-gangsters ; it did produce youngsters so steeped in Nazi " racial " megalomania that, in captivity, they would die rather than allow a blood transfusion where they could not be sure of the pukka " nordic " qualities of the donor's bloodstream ; it did produce youngsters who, in captivity, would admit : " I did see women and children killed, but I did not pay any attention to it, I have no opinion, I obey " ; it did produce, even before the war, an appalling state of moral depravity among the boys and girls of the " Hitler Youth " : innumerable cases of child pregnancy and abortions among girls of fourteen and fifteen, and of complete licentiousness and every kind of sex-perversion among the boys.

Apart from extreme cases (numerous enough) of youngsters running completely wild and riotous, if we wish to get an idea of the average German youth of these days, here is a most informative report from a Swiss observer who spent most of 1943 in Germany :

> An acquired military rigidity, together with a quivering nervousness, can be traced in the features of the 10–18 year-old. Bright laughter side by side with a desperate seriousness, and a self-assured grown-up manner alternating with childish and uncontrolled behaviour. Here there is heroism, but at the same time unbearable megalomania ; here there is fulfilment of duty, but also unrestrained and neglected rowdyism.

No less significant is the following remark by the same observer :

> A German teacher once asked me : " Why do we conquer such distant foreign lands if, in so doing, we must leave untilled the fields of our own children's souls which lie close at hand ? Why do we want to educate other peoples and races while in the meantime our own flesh and blood runs wild through lack of education ? "

Why indeed ? It may be expected that the type of teacher should know the answer well : that no real education of German youth can ever begin before the Nazi regime and all it stands for (and all it was backed up by) has been utterly smashed and uprooted. It may also be expected that this particular teacher, unless he has meanwhile been killed by the Gestapo, might be one of those (one of the few now allowed to teach in Germany) who should be eligible to give a hand in that most responsible of the many responsible tasks facing post-war Germany : the re-education of German youth.

There are those who say that to make human beings out of that utterly corrupted generation of German youth will be an impossible task. It will not be impossible, but it will be very difficult, and it will take many years of patient and careful work. It will be a task that can be usefully undertaken by Germans only, and the fact that for at least four or five years there will be an appalling shortage of reliable teachers will be only one of many aggravating problems.

Among the present-day youth of Germany there will be incurables. Those of them who survive the war (and its aftermath within Germany) will have to be killed. A youngster who, so as not to be disturbed in his sleep, has thrown a wailing baby at the wall, has no right to live, not even in an asylum. Those guilty of such crimes are not few in numbers ; but even so these out-and-out fiends are a minority.

On the other extreme end of the stick is the type of boys and girls such as Hans and Sophie Scholl and other university students who faced the Gestapo's firing squads as bravely as they had lived their short lives ; and a good many other youngsters, students and working-class boys alike whose character and common sense would not be twisted by all the Nazi propaganda so ceaselessly drummed into them all their lives. It is from their ranks that the future leaders of Germany will come, and what they have done (and are doing) is among the few things a German can even now be proud of. Yet they too are a small minority.

Most of the majority, in between the extremes, can and will be cured. What they need, first of all, is hard knocks and stark disillusioning. They have been getting this, in growing doses, ever since Stalingrad, they are getting it now, and they will get more of it before they are through. But for some of them it will be necessary, even after the regime's complete military defeat, to continue " debunking " and deglamorising their erstwhile idols.

As to the more difficult question what with and how to fill the vacuum, the fundamental point has been summed up quite briefly by a young German teacher here when, interrupting a discussion on such technical problems as entirely new sets of text-books, he said : " Never mind text-books, the first job will be to teach those youngsters how to love ! " That is it. Love of one's parents and friends, love of nature, love of music, love of a good book, all the elementary decencies of ordinary everyday life will first have to be instilled or rekindled in those youngsters. It is precisely one of the two faculties Hitler has deliberately destroyed ; the other one being the urge and ability of thinking one's own thoughts, of pondering and arguing rather than listening and obeying. This, too, will have to be rekindled.

HEINRICH FRAENKEL

Age	Occupation	Who is Goethe ?	Last German Emperor ?	Who is Beethoven ?	What happened in 1789 ?	Greatest German Writer ?
18	Stormtrooper	Don't know	Franz Joseph	Never heard of him	Capture of Paris	Kolbenheyer
25	Photographer	Don't know	William the Great	Famous pianist	Don't know	Hitler
18	Stormtrooper	German leader	Ludwig	German pioneer	Germany dismembered by the French	Hitler
19	Cellulose worker	Statesman	Frederick the Great	Radio conductor	Great War	Hoffmann
18	Party official	Playwright	Don't know	Radio composer	Nothing important	Rosenberg
37	Gardener	Friend of Schiller's	Wilhelm II	Famous composer	European uprising	Schiller
26	Borough Clerk	Nazi politician	Wilhelm I	Don't know	Don't know	Hitler
19	Clerk	Editor	Hindenburg	Prussian musician	Don't know	Hitler and Goebbels
24	Engineer	Ball-bearing manufacturer	Some Wilhelm	Don't know	Don't know	Hess
21	Clerk	Gauleiter	Don't know	Philosopher	End of Middle Ages	Hitler

A PARIS DIARY

In the tented R.A.F. mess the radio had told us in tastefully enthusiastic B.B.C. English that Paris was liberated. The Marseillaise had been played, and people had glanced slyly about wondering whether it wasn't one of those occasions for standing up on the rutted grass floor. But, after a long, hot drive the next day, in Chartres news was thin. I cooled off with M. Etienne Houvet, "gardien" of the Cathedral, who had the presence of mind to produce from under his bed beneath the choir stalls carefully preserved English copies of his monograph guide-book—price, with author's signature, forty francs. He and others had good words for our precision bombing in so far as the railway on the city outskirts is utterly crushed and the Cathedral stands as it was completed in 1260.

* * *

Late that evening we followed French armoured columns through a lush suburban countryside south of Paris. "If you see a place without the flags out," we were told, "you'll know that you're getting wrong side of the line." Down the road a bunch of *Luftwaffe* ground staff came marching in bare feet over the cobbles. A boy in a fireman's helmet of shining brass flourished a revolver and gave them "left, right, left, right," in ever-increasing tempo. He explained that he was sixteen years old, that he had captured the Germans with two school friends, that he was now in a hurry to get home because his mother didn't know he was out. We stopped and, in the shadows of a wooded defile, found the overnight headquarters of General Leclerc. Fires burned; there were barricades in the village; the F.F.I., youthful in their bandoliers, accompanied by tricolour-decked *vivandières*, fraternised with the tough, joyful troops Leclerq brought out of Africa. The master race, hobbling by, was booed. It was the Revolution again . . .

* * *

The column went off into a heavy mist at first light, and we followed (not being armoured) after a decent interval. At first there was an anxious froth of people on street corners outside tenements, spelling out our identification marks, then cheering. As the sun came through the mist and there was more confidence in the light, more people gathered with more flags. They threw flowers and flags: they threw themselves. They clung to the car: they tried to climb on top. The F.F.I. youth leapt upon the mudguards. While they screamed the words "Royal Air Force" and sang the Marseillaise and Tipperary, we managed to keep moving, juggernaut fashion. The only time we stopped we had to be dug out by twenty gendarmes. Suddenly I recognised Boulevard Montparnasse over the heads of the crowd. We were at Gare Montparnasse! Gunfire, cheers, whistles, shots, tears, kisses, champagne poured in at the driving window, through the roof. "We have waited so long. . . . Thank you for coming. . . . Raf, raf, raf. . . . I am English. . . . My brother went to join the Royal Air Force. . . . Kiss me, please. . . . You must drink this: I kept it for the first Englishman I met. . . ." That pillow-fight of goodwill begins my Paris memory.

* * *

André must have introduced himself while we were parked there at the top of Rue de Rennes among the tanks which lagered upon the side-walks outside the cafés along Boulevard Montparnasse. We were waiting to see General Leclerc (whom we had somehow by-passed in the mist) drive in. The General was too busy for the ovation. There were still Tiger tanks in the Luxembourg: there was much to be done. Whistles blew again: the crowd melted as fusiades rang from the roofs. The General drove on, and André and I were in the bar of "Toto" Grassin, ex-champion "stayer" cyclist of the world. André, twenty years old, with his pipe, grey flannels, tweeds and determination to speak nothing but English, appointed himself guide and secretary for the duration, which was lucky, for, put more bluntly, one began to need a nurse. After the third international toast, the F.F.I. rushed in to point out the enemy on the roofs opposite. From what cover we could obtain by "Toto" Grassin's doorway we had a crack at the enemy, then the toasts were resumed to everybody's satisfaction.

* * *

To get away from attention which one had done so little to deserve, we drove toward the Luxembourg for a non-combatant view of the battle. On the way back a man in smart tweeds stopped us and insisted that he would be insulted if we did not drink the champagne he had saved for four years for such a moment as this. My driver Dave and I decided that the top of the Boul Mich was no place to leave a car in such an unwarlike cause, so it was arranged that the enthusiastic man should fetch the bottle and that we should remain parked in a discreet side street to await him. He returned with a large basket containing bottles and glasses, his wife in a superb hat, his mother-in-law in tears, and a gaggle of neighbours in the first stages of liberation. When all glasses were filled, somebody opened fire at the end of the street, so the whole party took refuge kneeling down in front of the bonnet of the car, continuing to toast fervently and directing Dave to shoot round one mudguard and myself round the other at the legs of the enemy which protruded distantly from the battlemented cover of a cast-iron pissoir. This situation, while being exhilarating, was harmless enough until people opened fire from the *other* end of the street. These, it was thought, were French; and the enthusiastic man, from the shelter of a doorway and the bosom of his family, advised us to drive out of no-man's-land as soon as we had emptied our glasses.

* * *

André introduced me to his father, a grey, dignified business marr connected with the Chamber of Commerce, and having many commercial contacts with England. "At last I can talk English at the top of my voice. . . ." The elder son, the boy "more English than the English," went to join the R.A.F. He was buried near Oxford. One day soon they may be able to see his grave. At home they had talked English, not to forget. . . . The Germans tried to take André for labour in Germany. Somehow it was dodged. "He was all we had . . ."

In the large apartment at lunch they opened the last of the rations saved since 1940. Everywhere beneath the gaiety I noticed the same pinch. After lunch we drove across the Seine to the family office in Boulevard Hausseman carrying the flags of the Allies which for four years have been hidden beneath the family bed. The housekeeper explained to me that she was not at her best. She had got drunk when she heard the B.B.C. statement that Paris was free. She sobered up enough to see the Germans still across the road at their H.Q., got drunk again from exasperation, and finally had such a hang-over for the liberation that she couldn't enjoy it at all.

* * *

On that first night the German bomber raid woke us up soon after the street fighting had died down. Paris had practically no anti-aircraft artillery; and the *Luftwaffe* were able to carry out the leisurely, unopposed, indiscriminate job which they like best. Everybody in Rue Jules-Chaplain got up, and there was much talk to and fro between the doorways. They paid an odd compliment to the R.A.F. They said: "This is the first time we have ever left our beds. When the British came over we knew it was never necessary to get up unless one had gone to sleep on a war target. . . ."

* * *

Curiosity about those people who actually lived on war targets took me to Billancourt, where the Renault works is. André and I approached rather gingerly, but the young F.F.I., workers and sons of workers, swarmed all over us. As we drove down to the works entrance their first anxiety was to warn us that there were still some Germans in the place. I stuck my neck out at last and asked a group of the older men about the bombing. One of them said: "Qu'est ce que vous voulez—il n'y avait pas d'autre moyen de les déloger."

* * *

Very soon the seats outside the Café de la Paix began to look like the Café Royal again. I encountered Hilary St. George Saunders, novelist and historian, sitting with Paul Holt, who compared the crowd scenes in France with those in Russia.

Advantage of going about with Hilary was that he is that kind of student of France who unashamedly bursts into tears when necessary. We estimated that we cried once every two hours.

* * *

After these four closed years there were so many questions which crowded to be answered. How, for example, did the life of the mind survive in Paris? I saw Picasso the next day. (Interview described in last week's NEW STATESMAN.) At the flat of my friend Millet, the young diamond merchant with liberal tastes, I met the great comic artist, Dubout. Before the war he had illustrated Villon, Rabelais, Don Quixote, and he drew for newspapers. During the war he has quietly gone on working—unpolitically—with that savage, extravagant, grotesque, horrifying, insane wit which one sometimes sees in Thurber in America, in Emmett in this country, but which is a peculiar characteristic of this shy, temperamental, unpretentious little maestro which the German steam-roller failed to crush.

* * *

Jean Bouchon, and Louis Wins, publishers of the *Editions de la Nouvelles France*, gave me one of my treasured souvenirs of the liberation of Paris. A month after our invasion, in the very throes of anxiety and disquiet, they published a magnificent edition of Ronsard. One hundred and thirty-nine pages, exquisitely set up, with superb engraved headings and tail-pieces. There was shortage of paper in Paris, but never loss of heart. They worked under a vow of silence: and the good things did not die.

JOHN PUDNEY.

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to F. M. Barger.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Everybody should be asked, when this war finishes, to be patien., tolerant, not bother any Ministries about food, lighting, etc., not to start discussions and worry the Government, but just show their gratitude to all authorities concerned by keeping quiet—and minding their own business. —Letter in *Sunday Express*.

Mr. A. I. Tulloch, who spoke after Mr. Sandison, said 1944 would be remembered in Mid Yell, not as the year of Hitler's defeat, but as the year of the Boys' Brigade visit.—*Shetland News*.

One very important feature seems to be overlooked in the plans for post-war housing, namely, the provision of air-raid shelters. Of course, there may never be another war, but there is no harm in being prepared.—Letter in *Picture Post*.

To emphasise make-do-and-mend, Mr. O. A. Kempe, Ministry of Supply, wore half-shirt and half-pyjama addressing Biggleswade women.—*Sunday Express*.

Required, young men for desperate young ladies. Free entertainment.—Advt. in *Maidenhead Advertiser*.

There are some pungent comments on the deplorable effect of the surrender to "sentimentalism" as a substitute for the Christian ethic:—If the schools continue to frown on corporal punishment no Christian education can be given in them.—From a book review in *Times Educational Supplement*

CONTEMPORARY ITALY

1. THE NORTH.

[This is the first of two articles by a correspondent who spent last year behind the German lines in Italy.]

WHEN Mussolini's Italy collapsed in July 1943 the German Army faced a difficult situation. Up till then its rear had been safeguarded by the discipline enforced by the *Milizia Fascista* and O.V.R.A., the secret party police; by the time of the Armistice the German Army found itself in a disorganised and rather hostile country. I saw a Nazi corporal forcibly requisitioning masses of army supplies from an Italian colonel, giving in exchange receipts which he knew would never be honoured, and this method was used on a large scale to secure everything from trains to typewriters.

The farmers were at the mercy of foraging bands who left notes saying *paghera Badoglio*—"Badoglio will pay." The Fascist machine having broken down, some kind of coercive force was essential to suppress opposition to this organised looting. So the Republican Fascist Party was created. At first the Fascist groups only policed the industrial North and undertook such other odd jobs as the Nazis would entrust to them. They guarded British prisoners of war, patrolled military dumps and helped enforce the curfew. The bribe of two new uniforms, new boots, German weapons and increased pay, together with the tacitly understood opportunity for looting and brigandage, induced sufficient young men to join their ranks. Quite early Marshal Graziani was somehow enticed into the movement. His exact position in the Republican Fascist Party is still obscure. But at that moment it was essential to produce a Fascist counterpart to Badoglio, and Graziani was the only candidate who was not too discredited in the eyes of the public. From time to time I saw in the *Corriere del Adriatico* (which reappeared shortly after the Armistice) articles casting Graziani for the role of a nationalist leader who would do for Italy what Mustapha Kemal had achieved for Turkey. In such ways as this an attempt was made to re-establish the old order. The result was only a façade, but it was a façade which served the Germans well. Without it they would have been obliged to police Italy themselves

The activity of the Fascists sufficed to suppress the feeble beginnings of political initiative which had appeared after July, and millions of people sank back into the acceptance of Fascism which had characterised them for twenty years. This apathetic mentality continued throughout the period, dangerous to the Germans, between the defection of Italy from the Axis and the creation of a more effective coercive machine under the Republican Fascist Party.

This interim period ended when the Allied advance halted on the Pescara. The Republican Fascists had attempted to give a broad national basis to their movement, which so far had been little more than a minor task force of the Wehrmacht. Publication of a new programme for Italy was coupled with considerable propaganda in the towns: the *Milizia* was reorganised and expanded, and the grip of the Nazi-Fascist rulers was consolidated. Perhaps in order to test the security of their rule they called up the two youngest military classes in Italy, and all specialists from the Air Force and Navy. This was necessary because of the mass desertions which had occurred after the Armistice. The response to these orders was fairly good in the industrial North, but in the Marches and the Abbruzzi the decrees might never have been published for all the notice people took of them. I lived on a farm for some time; not one of my acquaintances who was selected for the draft ever had any intention of presenting himself. No sooner did Fascists arrive than they disappeared in company with others "outside the law"—as, for instance, escaped prisoners of war, partisans and deserters. All of us hid in woods and caves until the danger was past.

Although in Northern Italy the inflation of the *lira* had not produced the economic chaos which was evident in the agricultural South, there was much hardship in the towns amongst the artisans and wage-earners. Before the Armistice the black market had flourished in Italy, the main source of supply being army stores. After it, however, the black market entirely supplanted normal economic channels. In fact, it was only through the black market that sufficient food could be obtained to keep the population above subsistence level. My memories of the winter months are coloured by the frequent slaughtering and sale of livestock and by the transport and disposal of such articles as soap, olive oil, flour and tobacco, all of which were strictly rationed. The Fascists had instituted the death sentence for anybody engaged in contraband trading, and in some cases had actually carried this out, notably in Macerta last February when many people were shot and enormous quantities of flour, maize, hides, oil and soap confiscated. The corruption of Italian officialdom was still very evident. A friend of mine, the biggest black market trader in the district, was twice on the run from the police, and each time bought his freedom with "gifts" of some twenty thousand *lire* to the right people.

The Fascists made a survey of national resources and set up a system of rationing hopefully intended to last until next March. The only outcome of the issue of ration cards was the complete disappearance of rationed commodities from the market. Cigarettes, for instance, which were selling for sixty *lire* a packet on the black market, had previously been sold in small quantities on the open market at five *lire* a carton. When rationing began, the first month saw an issue of one cigarette and one cigar per card in some districts. In the second month there was no issue at all. Olive oil, the controlled price of which was between ten and twenty *lire* a litre, was sold in Rome for nearly nine hundred *lire* in April. There was no commodity which was not subjected to this enormous price inflation. The situation was aggravated by the German printing works at Aquila. This press ran full time, printing notes of large denominations. When German soldiers chose to pay for any commodity they produced a large roll of uncut notes rather resembling a toilet roll and cut off the desired amount. They openly scoffed at the paltry value of the great quantity of money which they carried. Payment in any case was merely a token, because lack of funds never prevented a German from taking what he desired from any shop or household.

The life I led at this time gave me first-hand experience of the reign of terror. I knew a farmer who was sheltering a British prisoner of war. His son was subject to conscription. The prisoner was betrayed, and the Fascists surrounded the house one night and broke in. The prisoner tried to escape, but was recaptured and dragged into the kitchen, only ceasing his resistance when he was forced to his knees and a rifle pointed at his chest. The son of the house was then beaten in order to force him to divulge the whereabouts of another prisoner living near by. When this failed the Fascists looted the house and took away with them all stores of food, clothing and any money they could find, telling the farmer to report to their barracks on the following morning. He did this, and for two hours was beaten up by the local Political Secretary. This incident is typical of the reign of terror which existed from February onwards.

It was a policy of the resistance movement to open the silos and to distribute the grain to the farmers, evacuees and the poor. At a small village near my home, partisans opened the silos and the district was soon alive with every kind of vehicle. Suddenly a squad of Germans and *Milizia* arrived in lorries, debussed, set up machine guns, and opened fire on the crowd, causing numerous casualties. Such incidents only confirmed the Italians in their hatred of the Germans, whom they blamed for continuing a senseless war which was ravaging their country. The arrogance of the Germans, which had increased enormously after the Italian defection, the reports of atrocities and first-hand knowledge of their own suffering under the Nazis, made the Italians detest the Germans. The Nazis appeared unconcerned by this, although they produced some very clever propaganda against the Allies. But most Italians longed for the arrival of the Allies, believing that the wealthy United Nations would in some magic way banish their poverty and bring with them large quantities of chocolate and cigarettes for the relief of a gallant people. I found little political sympathy with the Allies, but I can understand this. The Italians are now among the least politically educated nations in Europe, and their naïvety and ignorance are supplemented by strong emotions. There must be hundreds of Communists in the district in which I lived, yet those I met seemed more stimulated by admiration of Stalin than by conscious belief in Marxism. Although there was a definite unity of purpose amongst them, there was certainly no unity of theory. Even those who had previously enjoyed a certain amount of intellectual freedom, such as writers and artists, held opinions which would surprise any orthodox Communist in Britain. A friend of mine, a prominent Italian poet, called secretly one day at my home, bearing an enormous brief case. He informed me that he had been engaged in an underground lecture tour, as a first instalment of Communist educational activity. I enquired what subjects he had chosen. He replied that he had been attacking Christianity and the Church. Nothing could be done, he asserted, until the peasants had been levered from the grasp of the priests. This occurred at a time when the battles of Cassino were in progress and the Fascists were feverishly endeavouring to mobilise every fit Italian for war work and service at the front, and in spite of the fact that the most determined and steadily anti-Fascist force in Italy were the local priests.

Not all resistance groups dissipated their energy like this man. I never had any real contact with the workers in the great cities of the North. Things may well be different there. And in the mountains throughout Italy were numerous groups composed of Italian deserters, Yugoslavs, and escaped prisoners of war from every Allied nation, together with a fair sprinkling of German deserters. In order to understand Italy's present and future problems, it is necessary fully to grasp the fact that politically Italy is chaotic, that at the moment there are few, even amongst Italians, who understand the tasks which face them in their new Risorgimento. The truth is that the last twenty years have demoralised Italy.

CARLO MARINI

HOLIDAYS IN BRITAIN

POST-WAR planning for foreign tourists in Britain? With the remembrance still vivid of days when only "tourists" of an unwelcome kind seemed likely to arrive (by parachute), and with houses to make good war damage taking obvious priority over hotels in building needs, the rehabilitation of the British tourist industry may seem to-day a somewhat remote objective. Yet it is a factor in post-war reconstruction to which attention should be given, on both economic and social grounds. In the last three pre-war years, expenditure in this country by foreign and overseas British visitors exceeded £30 millions annually—an "invisible" export equalling three-fourths, or more, of the proceeds of all sales abroad of British coal. Having parted with many foreign investments, and with the future of her staple export trades obscure, Britain is likely to stand in real need of that income from abroad in the years ahead. Moreover, in relation to the country's facilities for tourism, it is not only the foreign visitor who is affected. He will never represent more than a small proportion of the

holiday makers for whom hotels and resorts must cater. When hostilities end, millions of people in these islands will be tired and in real need of recreation; they will have, most of them, war savings to burn; and things to buy in shops will still be scarce. The first summer of peace in Europe will see an unparalleled demand for holiday accommodation, and the principle of Holidays with Pay in industry will sustain the demand permanently. The holiday makers are entitled to value for their money.

Will they get it? In a plea* for State encouragement of tourism in Britain the Travel Association expresses doubts which I share. There are many interesting and lovely things to see in Britain; and, despite the vagaries of a climate which has been given a worse name than it deserves, there is rich scope for field sports, for the walker, climber and swimmer. But, migrant or native, the tourist must eat, drink and sleep; and, as hotel-keepers, the British are fifth-rate. There are, of course, the exceptions. Exclude, however, a handful of *luxe* establishments (whose managerial staff is almost invariably foreign) and a few less expensive hotels run with efficiency—but with little enough distinction—by this or that holiday company: what remains? In provincial cities a level of dismal drabness which no sane tourist would twice penetrate; in the countryside a small number of inns (not cheap, and catering for the sophisticated motorist), where food and drink and mattresses are good; and, outside that restricted field, a dreary multitude of uninviting "places to stay." They range from the superior seaside hotel, whose seasonal profits in the absence of competition are sufficient answer (in the management's eyes) for complaints of vile cooking and disdainful service, to the bogus "Inns" whose owner, sporting regimental tie, expects his guests to feel honoured by his acceptance of their custom, and to forgive watery cocktails because the bar's "antiqued" ingle-nook is picturesque. They descend from the dull but commendable mediocrity of trustified road-houses to the nadir of coastal lodgings, and the country pubs where the hungry walker will be lucky if he finds stale cheese to flank his bodiless pint.

Conscious of these deficiencies, the Travel Association asks the Government to create and finance an official tourist organisation whose functions would be, partly, to publicise abroad the attractions of Britain and, partly, to foster improvements in our tourist services by encouraging and rewarding enterprise. There should be some relaxation, it is suggested, of the present irritating restrictions on "hours of opening" (which, in fact, do less than nothing to promote temperance); hotels should have partial exemption from the heavy burden of local rates; and capital expenditure on improvements should be allowed more generously by the Inland Revenue as a "set-off" against taxable profits. The Association speaks, too, with approval, of the training schemes for hotel personnel established with success in the United States, and of the good work done by specialised financial institutions such as the Swiss Hotel Fiduciary Society and the French *Crédit National Hôtelier*.

So far as they go, these are sound enough suggestions for fostering individual initiative among British hotel-keepers; and I, for one, should hesitate before recommending wholesale nationalisation as a panacea for the catering industry. By and large, British hotels are under-capitalised. If they are to be so improved as to attract large numbers of foreign visitors, long-term loans from the Treasury (even if no subsidies are forthcoming) will be essential. It may be that the good *hôtelier* is born, not made; but something could certainly be done by training colleges to raise the present low standards of taste and professional skill. And, in the matter of licensing, if we propose to take tourism seriously, we shall have not only to revert to pre-1914 "hours" (with due safeguards for employees) but to reduce the present duties on wine, beer and spirits.

It is not enough, however, to foster an hotel industry in Britain which can hold its own with Continental competitors in standards of accommodation and cooking. Unless it is run by sweated labour (and Mr. Bevin's Act rightly puts that out of court) a hotel which satisfies the "exacting client" is bound to be very expensive. There will, I think—and earnestly hope—be little room in the post-war order for that sort of black-market splendour and obsequiously elaborate service. With the need for "invisible" exports from tourism still in mind, we shall have to provide a high level of honest comfort and first-rate cooking, with a sufficiency of *intelligent* service, for those who can afford to pay, within reason, for it. This, however, leaves untouched the needs of the foreign tourist of modest means, whom we should strive to welcome—to say nothing of the millions of British families whom the 1938 Holidays with Pay Act will cover, and whose demands raise problems discussed with imagination and good sense by Sir Ronald Davison in the latest of the Liberal Party pamphlets (*Holidays for All*, 1s.).

In the first place, there will have to be many hotels and inns (with standards varying to suit different purses) in which costs are reduced—as is done in most Swedish holiday centres—by limiting service to the minimum essential to a care-free rest for the visitor. One can help oneself to food from a side-table and, if need be, make one's own bed, and yet have a restful, comfortable and "well-fed" holiday. There is, however, a larger question. Unless we embark on a huge programme of hotel and hostel building, which must yield priority to re-housing, there is not nearly enough accommodation at British holiday centres for the millions of holiday-seekers in prospect. Sir Ronald suggests that, for young people especially, a scheme of cruises abroad in ex-troopships might well be organised on non-luxury, "look after yourself" lines (one recalls National Socialism's K.D.F. cruises from Germany!), and that, for others, a non-profit-making corporation should convert and superintend—perhaps under leased management—some of the many Ordnance Factory hostels and Service camps which have been erected in pleasant seaside or country settings.

Planned provision for holiday-makers on some such lines there will have to be. The alternative will be overcrowding—however much holidays are staggered—and, almost certainly, gross profiteering. But there is a final and, I submit, fundamental point. If Britain is to be a country in which the citizens and their friends from abroad delight to make holiday, ample land must be saved from the speculative builder, the industrial entrepreneur and the grouse- or deer-shooting encloser. Nor would it be enough to preserve only a few relatively remote areas—say, the North-west Highlands or North Wales—as National Parks, commendable though such a policy would be. To avoid wasteful calls on rail and road transport, every large industrial centre should have a holiday region within reasonably easy reach available for all who did not wish, or could not afford, to fare further afield. Utopia? I disagree. I should call it commonsense planning on the basis of recognition that the land of Britain belongs by right and should revert to the British people.

AYLMER VALLANCE

Britain—Destination of Tourists? By R. G. Hanney. Travel and Industrial Development Association, 6 Arlington Street, S.W.1. Price 2s.

THE FALLEN

Stranger going home on leave
Tell our people not to grieve.

In a ditch we lie in France,
Voiceless since the first advance:
Yet with care they laid us in
And left wild flowers in a tin.

Tell at home to make them glad
This last tenderness we had.

FRANCES CORNFORD

THE FUNERAL

FROM all parts men are moving-in this afternoon to the funeral. The fine comb of country kinship gathers the most remote and reluctant people.

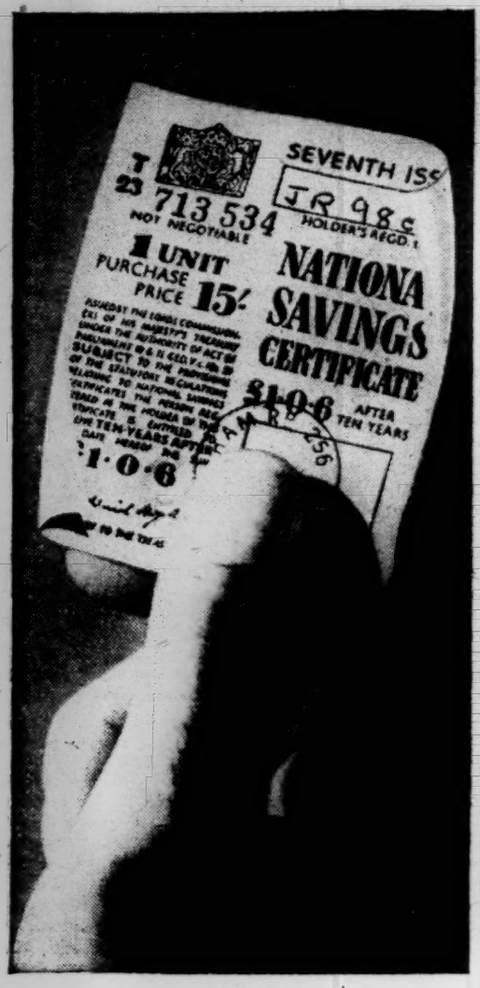
They come deliberate and slow like men who have prepared themselves. They have been working all the morning to this end. Now their work, no matter how pressing, has been left behind. And knowing how loath these Ulster farmers are to give up any part of their day, how fearful they are that others should be making hay and they not, I can guess the importance of the thing which makes them willing to idle behind a hearse while the sun shines. Indeed I have always sensed in these country funerals something old as dolmens, and almost nameless; something known only by the hold it has. What brings these men here so scrupulously? What accounts for this communal effusion—for I can call it nothing else? It is as if the dyke of life had been breached at this particular point, and from all quarters men had come to repair it by their presence; as if the absence or omission of any of them might let in the flood irreparably, might break the blind and solid wall of ceremony with which they seal off death. For what is ceremony? It is the execution of a physical movement over and over again in order to shut out thought. By going round and round in the circle of ritual and routine men induce a state of expectation and trance. They are enabled to forget the terrifying thing which waits outside, looking for an opening of consciousness to break in.

Among townspeople, dispossessed and owning no length of history or breadth of community, death is looked on in an individual way; a man's funeral is mainly his family's concern; its ceremonies are mutilated, scamped, and abbreviated by private caprice or single convenience. But the countryman has history in his bones and community in his loins. For him death is not the monopoly of anyone. It is not even an individual affront. It is the enemy of all, and therefore the concern of all. Its incursion must be met and mastered by all. And so no plea of expediency, no idiosyncrasy is allowed to break the ring of ceremony which surrounds death in this countryside. No personal grief may turn it by one jot or tittle from its patient and roundabout path. How often I have seen the unreasoning resentment shown by country people at any attempt to keep a funeral private. It fills them with an uneasy and inarticulate anger, like the private enclosure of some common and ancient ground. The egocentric townsman may want privacy in this matter. But it puzzles the countryman; to him it is always "odd," and "queer," and meaningless.

Among a peasant people that lives by custom and by ceremony grief is not so overwhelming in its effects. For it has these public grooves, these recognised routes and rituals (just as rains have drains) that help to carry off the hurts which in townspeople are often hugged and brooded on to the point of hysteria. To-day I notice, as always, the dispassionate and stolid faces of the mourners, the absence of nervous haste. Every action has a slow and inexorable progression about it, every movement is hard and clear and predicable. And the very fact that something, however light and trivial, *has* to be done, helps to dissipate the heart's hanging and thundery thoughts.

Through the doorway of the house a narrow waist of people bellies out into the road and groups itself round the gaping hearse. They talk quietly and look at the black horses with the staccato feet and the bubble-lace of froth about their lips and knees. The talk stops. Hats are doffed as the coffin comes out, foot-first. It is laid down; it is lifted. Watch the procession as it gets under way—a long file of men in black, four abreast, filling the narrow country road. And after having looked back to count the number of motor-cars at their tail (a matter of much interest and pride) they settle down to a slow dignified pace that will consume the afternoon.

For, like all peasants, they are a dignified people,



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these Ulster farmers. More than urban people they have a strong sense of what conduct is due to each particular time or place, and of what is expected from them. And because they are a confident people they can afford to be unobtrusive, which is a part of dignity. The greatest praise they can give to a man in this country is to say that he is "a very modest man. You would never hear his name mentioned." No news is good news.

It is curious how many of the things that one notices at a funeral at first seem meaningless. Then by persistence they make themselves felt as part of a pattern. To-day, as usual, along the route of the procession there is a feeling of stiffness and constraint. It is made up of small things. House-gates seem to be closed, dogs withdrawn, untidy and unruly things put away. As if by unspoken agreement men refrain or retire from working in the fields before the funeral passes; certainly one never sees them. Some ancient fear, some taboo, has touched them.

Looking at the procession you would say that it is a subdued one. But you would be wrong. See the sidelong glances! Come closer, listen to the talk! Every farm that is passed is peppered by a hundred pairs of eyes. A hundred tongues dig up the lives and vices of its owners, past and present. Every hedge on the road is overlooked, every beast is valued, every field and fold is scanned, every sky-line figure identified. In front of me I can see a Protestant talking to a Catholic neighbour. It is the only religious ceremony, I reflect, which brings both parties together. And why? Because, I think, it is older than both.

As I look along the dark ranks of men in front of me, all of them in their brushed "Sunday suits," I wonder why it is that farmers are so frugal in their way of living. Many of these men, I know, are by urban standards wealthy, and most are prosperous. Yet any townsman working for a bare wage has a more indulgent standard of living than they. There are economic reasons, of course. A farmer's life is insecure and unsupported. His welfare depends on his physical exertions, and he is never allowed to forget this. The factors which influence his livelihood—weather, markets, disease—are variable. Money comes to him once a year, after harvest. And in this countryside few farmers have had money "handed-down" to them for long. "I remember my father telling me," said one of them, "that the day the rents were paid you wouldn't have got a pound note in the whole townland that night." Once I would have been satisfied with these explanations. But I have long ago learned that in country matters there are two kinds, two levels, of explanation for everything—one rational and the other religious. There are two motives for every action, one personal and opportune and obvious, the other impersonal and traditional and evasive. Not long ago I was talking to a farmer whose wife had just died. He had worked hard for years. His eldest boys had begun to be of use to him. He grew prosperous. He added "fruit-dealing" to fruit-growing, and bought a motor-lorry. And, on the crest of this wave, relaxing his normal parsimony he had sent his wife to a nursing-home for the birth of her twelfth child. Now she was dead. "And ye know," said he, looking vaguely into the distance, "we were doin' so well, doin' so well. In fact, your riverence, I'll tell ye what it is"—and here he looked at me—"we were doin' *too* well." In a flash the hidden territory of his mind, the backward places of his history, were lighted up for me. I could see now the secret of the peasant's frugal life. This man felt that he had committed the sin of "hubris." Like the rich farmer in the Scriptures, he had, by his presumption, provoked the displeasure of the gods. It is a fear that is curiously strong in all country people. Let a man display his prosperity, let him flaunt his possessions, and the bolt from heaven will surely fall on him. It is best to avoid display, best to understate your resources always, best not to put all your goods in your shop-window, best not to live up to the hilt of your income (as townspeople do). This feeling, I am sure, is at the root of the countryman's frugality. As I said, there are two levels of explanation for everything he does, one rational, the other religious. The second is hard to come at, it shows itself only in glimpses, yet it is the deeper and more powerful force. If you were to point it out to a countryman what would he say? Nothing. He would feel only uneasy, as if he had looked into a mirror for the first time and seen himself strange. In the procession to-day I see, a short distance ahead, a farmer who once owned an uncommonly good dog. I asked him one day what had become of it. "Oh," said he, "we had to do away with it. You see"—he added—"it had bitten one or two people and it might have got me into trouble." Of course I remarked that it was a pity; it had been a nice animal. But plainly one couldn't allow a dog to go round biting people. It was long afterwards, and then only obliquely, that I found the deeper motive for the destruction of the dog. It was that the people of this countryside believe that only when the dog dies does the bite it inflicted get better. It is so with all things on this countryside. The most trivial and reasonable actions have their root in an unreasoning past.

A man leaves the procession, pauses for a moment in a gateway, and then hurries on to overtake the others. I stop the car and offer him a lift. His pleasure at the car-ride, and our glassed-in isolation make him talkative and (to the end of the journey) I listen-in to his creeping commentary on the countryside and the people in front of us. In this way I have learned more about this land and its inhabitants in an hour that I would have learned otherwise in a year. To-day I hear a story told to this man by his father.

There was once in this part of the County of Armagh a well-known character called The Goat-man. Not much was known about him. He meandered through the country, staff in hand, and followed by his six goats, and he lived on the charity of the farmers. And as he lived so he died—unwept; but not unhonoured and—as things turned out—not unsung. For some friendly people decided to give him a "proper" funeral, and to this end a subscription list was opened. Of course it wasn't a large sum that was raised, and it was decided that there was enough money to "wake" him for only one night. The afternoon for the funeral arrived. It was a simple funeral with few followers. And as they stood by the graveside they remembered that The Goat-man had expressed a last wish—that his staff, the long staff he had always carried, should be buried with him. So the staff was produced. It was too long. After a little discussion it was agreed that, since a last wish must be respected, plainly the best thing to do was to break the staff in two pieces. So the staff was broken—and out of its hollow heart tumbled a hundred shining sovereigns into the grave.

Naturally that changed the conduct of the afternoon's proceedings. The sovereigns were carefully gathered up and a council was held on the spot. Two decisions were come to respecting the "treasure-trove." And I would ask you to observe the fine scruple and sense of justice shown.

First, Virtue was rewarded; it was resolved that those people whose names appeared on the subscription list should receive double what they had given.

Second, Custom was propitiated; it was resolved to postpone the burial and with the remaining money to proceed with the "wake" that had been cut short through lack of funds.

And so the cortege re-formed and, to the amazement of the countryside, returned to the house from which it had issued. And there The Goat-man was waked for another night with set ceremony and unstinted refreshment.

When the day of interment came, so vast and fuddled was the host of assembled mourners and so great their confusion, that the seemingly endless procession went its way to the churchyard only to find when all had arrived that The Goat-man had been left behind—those at the front of the pro-

cession having depended on those at the back and those at the back having depended on those at the front, and he having no friend to remember him.

Well, there is the story. It gives you a glimpse of Ulster's custom and character of, perhaps, a hundred years ago. But in the calendar of the countryside a hundred years is but as a day or as a watch (or a wake) in the night.

W. R. RODGERS

RICHARD III AND THE OLD VIC REPERTORY

How finely Mr. Laurence Olivier spoke from the New Theatre stage the grand soliloquy with which this crude, chaotic, famous melodrama opens! He did not look at all like "a bottled spider" or a "hunch-backed toad," but our eyes were fascinated by his sinister drawling movements and our ears by the sardonic gravity of his voice and the cold precision of his articulation. That speech is one of the few continuous passages of superb poetry in this early play of inflated rant and pathos. Clarence's dream is, of course, another, and so is one passage among the lamentations of the royal women in Act IV: "I called thee then poor shadow, painted queen," etc. In this play of Shakespeare's apprenticeship (how much is by other hands we do not know), though phrases of glorious exuberance and lines of sonorous harmony abound, Marlovian rhetoric predominates over Shakespearean poetry and Shakespearean portraiture. Yet down the centuries, and from its start, its success has been unsurpassed by that of any of the others, *Hamlet* excepted; at least till recent times. Johnson wrote of *King Richard III*: "This is one of the most celebrated of our author's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him, as to others, to be praised most, when praise is not most deserved." Malone thought its initial success was due to popular detestation of Richard being still lively even after a hundred years, and to the approval of Elizabeth herself, pleased to find her mean, grim grandfather exhibited as that monster's adversary; that is to say, in the only gleam of favourable light history permitted. But it was another eighteenth-century Shakespearean critic who put a finger on the cause of the persistence of its popularity, namely, the chance the title-role offers specially gifted actors to display their emotional range and to dominate the whole play. Stevens pointed out that the part of Richard "comprehends, indeed, a trait of almost every species of character on the stage. The hero, the lover, the statesman, the buffoon, the hypocrite, and both the hardened and repenting sinner." What a histrionic triumph for the actor to impose by sheer force of his own personality some sort of emotional unity upon such a jumble of opportunities! "No wonder, therefore," Stevens continued, "that the discriminating powers of a Burbage, a Garrick and a Henderson should at different periods have given it (the play) a popularity beyond other dramas by the same author." Writing at the end of the nineteenth instead of the eighteenth century, he could have added the renowned names of Kemble, Kean and Irving. In no other part, according to Hazlitt, did the fiery energy of Kean (though the more modern George Lewes thought he ranted intolerably) prevail so impressively; while Irving, as we know, revelled in portraying impish wickedness and macabre mockery. The fault which G. B. S. found with Irving's performance was that he dropped that aspect of the part after the coronation scene, henceforward making Richard pathetically and sublimely heroic. But I have no doubt that Shakespeare, and the joint authors of the play, would have thoroughly approved of Irving. They—and Shakespeare himself (at least at that date)—cared not a rap about anything but squeezing immediate emotional appeal into each separate scene, whether or not the nature of that appeal was consistent with character or action which preceded or followed it.

> Their lips were four red roses on a stalk
> Which in their summer beauty kissed each other.

Thus the hired assassin, Forrest, describes the little princes whom he has just murdered in the Tower. Lovely poetry, but, for us to-day, so inappropriate dramatically that the situation ceases to be moving.

Can we recapture the point of view of Shakespeare's audience? Yes, to a large extent. But only provided a production holds in abeyance our demand for actuality by frankly adopting the conventions of the Elizabethan stage. Modern Shakespearean production has been moving steadily in that direction since the days of Irving and Tree; but it still straddles between securing the appeal of the picture-stage and realistically psychological acting and the purely poetic and symbolic stage for which Shakespeare wrote. The "Old Vic's" *Richard III* is such a compromise, and it is not satisfactory. For instance, the producer's device of making the priest and coffin-bearers turn their backs upon [illegible]ard while he is wooing Anne, or the courtiers upon the throne while he is talking with his fellow conspirators, does not make the former inconspicuous, but draws attention to them. While the dialogue between the murderers of Clarence (no wonder it had to be heavily cut) becomes absurd when there is no visible distinction between an inner and outer stage. No: either make a modern dramatist out of Shakespeare by cutting and rearranging his plays, thus concealing inconsistencies and anomalies which he never tried to avoid, or perform him as he expected.

With such a play as *King Richard III*, the poetic loss of modernising it is small. By all means, therefore, treat it as a one-man show, as the abused acting version of Colley Cibber did, which held our stage so long. Make Richard as psychologically interesting as possible as an incredible virtuoso in crime.

G. B. S.'s comments upon the Lyceum production of 1896 are one of the most penetrating pieces of dramatic criticism he ever wrote. I am glad to see Mr. Olivier has profited by it, though, to my mind not quite fully enough. "Richard," Shaw wrote, "is the Prince of Punches: he delights Man by provoking God, and dies unrepentant and game to the last. . . ."

> Despair, one feels, could bring to Punch-Richard nothing but the exaltation of one who loved destruction better even than victory; and the exclamation
>
> "A thousand hearts are great within me"
>
> is not the expression of a hero's courage, but the evil ecstasy of the destroyer, as he finds himself, after a weak, piping time of peace, back at last in his element.

When Richard, like Macbeth, indulges in a bit of pathos—

> There is no creature loves me;
> And if I die no soul will pity me,

he instantly, unlike Macbeth, mocks his self-pity, as Shaw points out:

> Nay, wherefore should they? Since that I myself
> Find in myself, no pity for myself.

I should have liked Mr. Olivier to speak those words with a sardonic, happy chuckle (not that Shakespeare intended that, but it makes Richard more interesting and consistent). How could he have forgotten, even for a moment, his great superiority over others—his utter lack of human sympathy, even towards himself? Because a sense of responsibility towards our fellow-men hovers so constantly above us, however we behave, the

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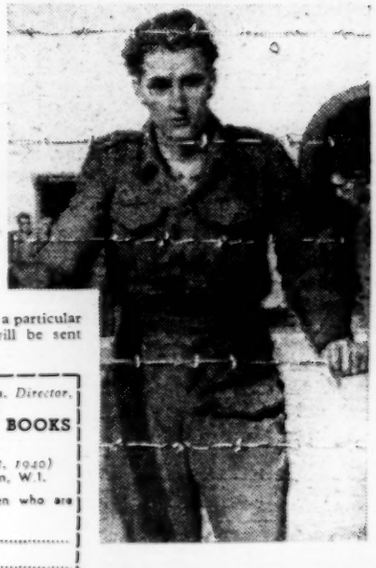

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spectacle of Mr. Punch hugging his stick and singing his gay little song as he adds judge and hangman to the row of corpses in front of him, inspires in us an incredulous laughter of relief. So does the spectacle of the monstrous, self-delighting callousness of Richard Crook-back. That is the thread the actor must keep hold of, the one most capable of tying that bundle together and uniting a medley of scenes into a play. Mr. Olivier grasps it, but not always firmly enough. It is right that he should (as he did) evoke the kind of laughter I have indicated, but he should be rather more careful than he is never to seem to expect it. And there is another point. The impact of this fantastic virtuoso in crime on our imaginations can be greatly intensified by the invisible effect he has upon the other characters on the stage. Whenever Richard appears a half-fascinated, half-frightened chill should pervade his company. Such a visible effect of his mere presence can make trebly ominous his chaff, his courtly geniality, his complete indifference to his mother's curses and his polite patience under Anne's frantic abuse. (Dame Sybil Thorndike delivered those curses admirably, and Miss Joyce Redman acted well the poor white rabbit, serpent-hypnotised.) Only the haughty, jaunty, aristocratic gangster Buckingham should be immune to the monster's breath; and he only until the usurper whom he has helped politely asks his assent to the murder of the little princes. I should like it to be an already somewhat uneasy Buckingham who afterwards approaches the throne, to demand his own reward. Therefore, Mr. John Burrell, please, in further performances, keep an eye on this general pervasive effect.

Clarence's dream, alas! did not come off. The tone of Mr. George Relph's voice is constitutionally and uncontrollably cheerful. Nor does he seem to realise that his bearing, even while pleading for his life, must be that of a great nobleman. There were many judicious cuts: "Clarence's brats," for example—no loss there. Shakespeare was singularly bad at childhood. Recall Macduff's children. Even little Mamillius, in *A Winter's Tale*, beloved of Swinburne, is only a pert piece of precocity. The son of Coriolanus is the one child in Shakespeare's drama who speaks like a boy of his age. The little princes, of course, cannot be cut, but only what is said about them is affecting. Cut also, most properly, was all the chatter among the citizens, also much of the reginal tirades; and, above all, that incredibly lengthened and feebler repetition in Act IV of the Richard-Anne situation—that scene in which Richard persuades the raging, grief-stricken Queen Elizabeth, through exactly the same stages, to give him her daughter in marriage. Both end, too, with a comment in the same key: "Was ever woman in this humour won?" and "Relenting fool and shallow, changing—woman." Such repetition suggests that *King Richard III*, as we possess it, is either composed of two versions clumsily welded, or that Shakespeare was far from having yet mastered his art. The sun is certainly still below the horizon, though there are a few scenes, "a few gleams," in the play, as Mr. Pearsall Smith has said, "through the moving mists of the glory hereafter to be revealed."

DESMOND MACCARTHY.

THE MOVIES

"The Hairy Ape," at the New Gallery
"Double Indemnity" and "Toscanini," at the Plaza
"Professor Mamlock" and "Le Journal de la Resistance," at the Academy

The adaptation from play or novel can be looked at in two ways: as compared with the original and as a piece of art or entertainment in itself. So far as films are concerned I try, when possible, to follow the second of these standards, and in doing this a bad memory serves me well. Eugene O'Neill's *The Hairy Ape*, a play I haven't seen or thought of for years, bobs up again as a film. The part of the huge ship's stoker, confronted suddenly by a white-faced woman passenger and woken to a dumb realisation of his animality, is taken by William Bendix, and his performance is magnificent. His bellowings in the stokehold, his glees and rages, his elemental self-intoxication make him a tremendous figure, such as only Laughton at his best could approach. No fumes can quench him and he exults in his hell until a face from the world above holds up a mirror. Then the awakening begins. Blind rage is followed by sullenness: he tries to break into her apartment and is flung into jail. He confronts a gorilla at a fair.

It is here that I can no longer resist the promptings of memory. O'Neill's hairy ape was a tragic figure and once roused from his innocence there was no going back for him: he died, in fact, crushed in the arms of the gorilla. The play was remarkable for a certain crude imagination and power. Most of the tragedy has seeped out of the film, as might happen to a Hamlet who settled things with Claudius over a bottle and married Ophelia; the *power* of Bendix's performance is thus largely thrown away. Hank, in the film, goes back to the girl meaning to kill her, but lets her off with a caress and a shaking. Back, then, to the ecstasy of shovelling coals. If there had to be a happy ending, rape at least was needed to allay the forces involved. Nevertheless, I must admit that I was thrilled for two-thirds of the film.

Good murders on the screen are not so rare; what is rare is to find a film that has not only the atmosphere of crime but characters and a plot as solid as those of a novel. *Double Indemnity* achieves this with startling skill. It is a trifle long within its convention—a murderer at his last gasp, pouring out his confession into a dictaphone—but the realism never relaxes, there are none of the usual soft spots in this product of the tough school. Tough it certainly is. The accident insurance business breeds X-ray minds beside which the heroes of detection must appear as unsuspecting as Mr. Pickwick. Watch Mr. Edward G. Robinson, as an investigator of claims, disposing of a simple case of arson; in two minutes the claimant has signed his withdrawal and is too staggered to find the door handle unaided. Another insurance man (Fred MacMurray) decides to bring off the perfect crime under the gaze of his hawk-like superiors. I shan't disclose details of the murder that is made to look like a train accident, but it is as perfect as circumstances will allow; and the suspense of planning and execution (that moment when the car won't start!) is followed by even more dreadful uncertainty. Mr. MacMurray keeps the tension up well. His natural bounce finds here something solid to bounce on; while in the part of the husband-slaying temptress Miss Barbara Stanwyck gives a brilliantly repellent performance. Even the minor characters, detached or sniffing suspiciously in the background, are unusually convincing. If the novel by James Cain is anything like the film, it must be a cut above *The Postman*, who rang rather too often for my taste. The director, from whom we may hope for more unpleasantness in the future, is Billy Wilder. On the side of the angels, in the same programme, is the O.W.I. film of Toscanini, brilliantly photographed and containing a full-length performance of Verdi's jubilant *Song of the Nations*. No other great man of our times, I believe, has been allowed to occupy the screen for half-an-hour.

Among revivals, *Professor Mamlock* returns to the Academy as the most sombre and convincing of the anti-Nazi films; and the splendid record of the Paris liberation, reviewed in this column last week, appears in the same programme.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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Correspondence

THE FATHERLAND FRONT

SIR,—You say that the new Bulgarian Government of Georgiev is composed of "Balkan style Badoglios," who will only stay in power "until the Fatherland Front takes over."

The new Bulgarian Government is *the* Fatherland Front government. Presided over by the Republican leader Kimon Georgiev, it is a coalition of the Republican, Communist, Agrarian and Socialist parties, supported by Left wing Independent politicians. Both the Regency Council and the Cabinet are composed exclusively of Fatherland Front leaders. There are two Republicans and one Communist in the Regency Council and four Republicans, four Communists, four Agrarians, two Social-Democrats and two Independents in the Cabinet. The Fatherland Front government undoubtedly enjoys the overwhelming support and confidence of the Bulgarian people: it represents not only the country's two main parties—the Communist and the Agrarian parties, but it also has, through the Republican officers (whose president Velchev is War Minister) the backing of the army, and through its Socialist and Communist members, that of all Bulgarian co-operative and trade union organisations.

Moreover, the Fatherland Front government was brought to power not by a "Palace Revolution" or a military conspiracy, but by the direct action of the people and its partisan army. The ex-Regents and ministers were arrested by partisan detachments, whose C.-in-C., the Communist leader, General Dobri Tarpeshev, is now the deputy Prime Minister. The other deputy Premier is the well-known peasant leader Nikola Petkov, and the Minister of the Interior is the general secretary of the Bulgarian Communist Party, Anton Yugov. Petko Stainov, the popular Republican leader, is Foreign Minister, and he has already proclaimed his Government's determination to work for the establishment of a democratic co-operative republic. The Social-Democrat politicians, Neikov and Cheshmedjiev, Ministers of Trade and Social Affairs, respectively, are the country's foremost co-operative leaders.

The Fatherland Front government has restored complete democracy and political freedom in Bulgaria. It has abolished all the Fascist laws enacted by previous regimes. It has released all political prisoners, has suppressed all concentration camps, and all the partisan brigades have been incorporated in the army.

5, Lancaster Terrace, W.2. MICHAEL PADEV.

LITHUANIA

SIR,—As a regular reader of your journal, may I answer Mr. J. J. Murphy's inquiries about the incorporation of the Baltic States into the Soviet Union, by giving a few facts which show that the incorporation was planned and executed by a powerful neighbour, and that the Baltic people did not and could not express their own free will:

(1) The elections to the "Peoples Parliament" were held when the Baltic States were occupied by the Red Army.

(2) Candidates to the "Peoples Parliament" could be submitted only by the "Working People's Union" nominated by the Communist Party, and the number of the candidates to the Parliament corresponded to the number of members to be elected.

(3) As it was later proved by the former members of the "Peoples Parliament," only 16-18 per cent. of the valid voting cards were submitted at the polls in Lithuania. One of the London papers announced the official results (95.51 per cent.) 24 hours before the polls were closed.

(4) Some of the members of the "Peoples Parliament" were threatened if they refused to vote for the incorporation of Lithuania into the U.S.S.R.

(5) The Soviet Foreign Commissar Molotov, on June 30, 1940, two weeks before the elections, declared to the Lithuanian Foreign Minister, Prof. Kreve-Mickevicius that ". . . the leaders of the Soviet Union decided to incorporate the Baltic States into the family of the Soviet Republics."

(6) The Baltic States had mutual assistance pacts with the Soviet Union, signed in October, 1939, in accordance of which the Soviets had military, naval and air bases on the territory of the Baltic States, and alliance with the Soviet Union to fight against any invader. In spite of incorporation into the U.S.S.R., the Baltic States were occupied by the Germans within a few weeks after the outbreak of the Soviet-German war.

(7) The rights of secession or the rights to conduct their own foreign affairs for the Soviet Republics are only illusory.

29, Lyncroft Gardens, London, N.W.6. M. BAJORINAS.

STRATOSPHERICS

SIR,—

The arrows shot into the air
Fall down to earth, we know not where,
Nor is their destination clear
When shot into the stratosphere.

A.

THE MIND OF GERMANY

SIR,—As a consequence of the different quantities of Nazi-indoctrination that different age groups of Germans have received, it is hardly sound to argue that what is characteristic of young men under thirty necessarily characterises the population as a whole. Further, the reaction of young Germans to-day are probably not those of all to-morrow, after the experience of military defeat, when the terror is lifted, the present stupor over, and independent thought not punishable by death. You yourself refer to the present existence of "many confirmed anti-Nazis" amongst the prisoners (evidently not included in the three categories described); and recent political events, the hanging of the generals and the seven political leaders of anti-Nazi groups, and the mass arrests of presumptive leaders of all parties and opinions, indicate that the Nazis themselves do not estimate that the general population are merely negative, with no interest in or conception of any political future.

The majority of German soldiers, no doubt (like the majority of British soldiers, if the recent mass-observation findings and press comments on the reaction to A.F. B2626 are anything to go by!) only want to get back to order and to "civvy street," but no one who has read the accounts of the increased terror and the transplanting of large parts of the German population to strange districts, can hardly credit that this was necessary amongst a people who are wholly docile and completely apathetic, with nothing to commend them an "almost infinite capacity for work and obedience."

The great need for efficient occupational administration would seem to be a warning to the Nazis of the consequences for themselves if they dare to murder the victims of their past and recent arrests, that crimes against German anti-Fascists will be regarded as just as criminal, and will have similar consequences, as those against Allied nationals. For no foreign administration can be successful without some co-operation and consent of the administered, in a land where anarchy prevails. EVELYN HURLEY

SIR,—Your article seems to infer from the rather surprising and undoubtedly interesting analysis of the psychology of prisoners that the salvation of Germany in the near future can come only from outside.

But surely, however accurate and comprehensive the analysis here offered, there are other possibilities.

Perhaps a single analogy is worth a page of argument. What army could have been more hopeless and

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JONATHAN CAPE

purposeless, more numbed by thirst for peace and whatever may be the Slav equivalent of "order," more spiritually exhausted and empty than the mass of the Russian armies in 1917?

109 Canfield Gardens, London, N.W.6. F. F. SEELEY

CHINESE UNITY

SIR,—I was glad that in your editorial on "Japan's Defeat—And After" you made mention of the internal friction in China which is handicapping her war effort.

In the light of coming offensives in the Far East, a crucial question is that of Manchuria—Japan's great supply base. The Communist-led Eighth Route and new Fourth Armies, 500,000 strong, operate in areas adjacent to Manchuria and—with arms—could extend their operations to co-ordinate with the rising Allied air offensive against industrial establishments there.

A solution of this problem of friction is thus militarily urgent. Incidentally, such a settlement of difference between Chungking and the Communists, bringing with it great changes affecting the whole of China and Chinese politics and based upon a sincere desire on the part of the Chinese Government to end past dictatorial policies, would be the first step toward the democratic Asia you envisage.

53, Springfield Road, London, N.W.8. ARTHUR D. CLEGG

FRANCE

SIR,—Because Mr. Raymond Mortimer is so well-known as a Francophile, some readers of his "Books in General" article last week might be tempted to read sympathetic bias rather than stark common-sense into his statement that the French were crushed into submission in 1940 by the overwhelming might of the *Wehrmacht*. When he attributes this country's deliverance from a like fate to the efficacy of the English Channel as a barricade by comparison with the Maginot Line, he is stating a simple truth that should be evident to any Briton who controls his patriotism instead of letting it control him, and who remembers what Mr. Churchill has told us about our utter defencelessness at that time. But your readers must have noticed in recent weeks, and especially since the confused episode of the liberation of Paris, a revival of the 1940 cry that "the French let us down," with a special curse for the "collaborationists." A leading article in the *Times* of September 15th, for instance, says that "the French nation may be relied upon to purge itself thoroughly of the elements which brought defeat in 1940." Traitors there were, no doubt; we have executed quite a few ourselves in England during the war. But the "elements" that brought defeat to France were the *Panzerdivisionen* and the *Luftwaffe*, and of these the soil of France is almost purged.

But for the Channel (and despite the valour of the R.A.F. and the strength of the Home Fleet) this country might well have been over-run and occupied in 1940. Americans then, left to face the Axis alone, might have said "the British have let us down." If, after four years, some miraculous turn of events had liberated us as the French have now been liberated, could not Americans have exhorted us to "purge ourselves thoroughly of the elements which brought defeat in 1940"? And where should we begin? How many of us can now say, hand on heart, that we never in the wretched nineteen-thirties lent countenance to any part of the policy that so nearly brought us to ruin? But above all, how many of us in a German-occupied Britain would have been miserably constrained, by the illusory hope of some sort of security for our families and the seeming remoteness of any possibility of change, to "collaborate" by carrying on with our jobs? For every British de Gaulle there would have been a hundred thousand "collaborationists"; all public servants, for example, must either collaborate or starve. General de Gaulle is beyond doubt a lion-hearted man—but he has not been in France these four years.

Every day we are told of some fundamental upon which the hope of a prolonged peace in Europe will depend, and if we can preserve and cherish them all we shall be model citizens with our hands full. But unless we treat the French as we should have longed to be treated in the only-just hypothetical circumstances I have described, unless we make it our business, as individuals, to combat and refute these smug and cruel criticisms of France wherever their stupid noise is heard, we may in thirty years see an embittered and powerful France strengthening a resurgent Germany as we strengthened Germany ourselves after (if not because) Anglo-French misunderstandings began to deepen into mistrust in the years between the wars. There is a section of the public, a small one, which perhaps unwittingly helps to form and solidify popular opinion. It has no monopoly of intelligence, but it thinks, and provides itself with the data to think about; an appreciable part of it reads journals like the NEW STATESMAN. Its influence is immense and its responsibility frightening. To an extent which I believe it would modestly and uncomfortably deny, it can influence Anglo-French relations for the lasting good of the civilised world.

C. H. ROLPH

"PUBLIC" SCHOOLS

SIR,—Somewhat of a relief to have statistics from Mr. Dalton after ecstatics from Mr. Mais. May I underline Mr. Dalton's remarks by giving the example of my own experience as an English master?

In my first appointment as a beginner of 22 at a small country grammar school, I was required to ensure that youths in the Sixth should gain Higher School Certificate in English, and that some of them should get university scholarships. They were at all stages of study. Total time allocated—three hours weekly.

In a later appointment, at a direct grant school of no very lavish endowment, I was given twelve hours weekly to do the same work. Naturally my scholarship results were far more impressive. But more to the point is the fact that I could almost guarantee an open scholarship or exhibition to a youth of reasonable intelligence if he followed my instruction. Whereas only the exceptionally gifted boy had the slightest chance at the first school.

I have not taught in one of the public schools famed for scholarship. But when I reflect that the allocation of time, and the general conditions of teaching, are in those schools immeasurably superior to anything I have ever known, I am bound to conclude that the winning of an open scholarship from such a school is evidence merely of a teacher not a half-wit and of a pupil not blind, deaf and dumb. But the general public, seeing only the results, naturally ascribes them not to plain efficiency but to that "mystic inherent virtue" of which Mr. Dalton is rightly sceptical.

The cure for inequality of opportunity (not that I imagine for a moment that our betters *want* to cure it), is *not* to rake off the "little hostages" from the local education authority schools and send them to Eton and Harrow, but to ensure that teaching conditions are as favourable in those schools as they are in the public schools. To do this it will be necessary:

1. To level up salaries in the State system so that they approximate to those in the public schools.
2. To improve physical conditions in the State system (e.g., provide classrooms fit to teach in and staff rooms fit to rest in).
3. To insist on a ratio of staff to pupils as favourable as that in public schools.

The above and a few other things having been done, we may then hope to see quality in the teaching profession a good deal better spread than it is at present.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

GENIUS seems rarely to break out spontaneously, with nothing to account for it. There is generally some predilection, however slight, in family or environment, some traceable influence or happy chance to breathe on the spark. The great composer is born in a family of musicians, or one that at least has had some contact with music; the poet, even Burns at the plough, is touched, as by the tip of a finger, by education.

Yet, once in a way, the miracle seems to occur; an effect of great splendour is produced without visible cause. This appears, indeed, to have been the case with Fabre, who all his life was puzzled by the contrast between what he was born and what he had become. The question appears and reappears in varying forms all through his *Souvenirs Entomologiques*, massive and beautiful fruit of his scientific life. How did it start? Where did it come from, this passionate interest in the grasshopper, the wasp? He was never able to find the clue, and neither can we. The fascinating puzzle remains: a child of ancient poverty, ignorance, prejudice, superstition, forcing himself, unaided, and as though beckoned by a vision, into the clear exhilarating light of scientific discovery, to become the observer, the interpreter, the poet of a hidden world.

Jean-Henri Fabre died in 1915. It is with a shock that one realises he was born in 1823, the year when Dickens was pasting labels in the blacking warehouse; the year Byron sailed for Greece.

He was the child of illiterate and poverty-stricken peasants, who were always trying, and always failing, to scrape a living off the barren stony uplands of the Cévennes ("one of the most beggarly countries in the world," said Stevenson, when half a century later he travelled it with a donkey, "like the worst of the Scottish Highlands, only worse"). Snow, wind and wolves were their enemies in winter, and in summer the limestone plateau dried and bleached like a skeleton; almost nothing would grow.

To be rid of one hungry mouth, Fabre *père* sent the boy in infancy to live with his grandparents, and it is with another inward start that one grasps his description of these survivors from the eighteenth century. Both were totally illiterate, and knew of the world beyond their own granite plateau only by hearsay. His grandmother still wore the huge eccentric headdress of the Rouergue; his grandfather was a typical sour and silent peasant of the *ancien régime*. "Je vois toujours sa mine sérieuse; sa chevelure intonse, fréquemment ramenée d'un coup de pouce derrière l'oreille et déployant sur les épaules l'antique crinière gauloise. Je vois son petit tricorne, sa culotte courte bouclée aux genoux, ses sabots retentissants bourrés de paille." To them, cattle were interesting as means of livelihood, and the wolf as a dangerous neighbour; but beyond these the brute creation was ignored. An insect, lower still, was something to be washed out of a cabbage with a grunt of disgust or cracked under a thumb-nail. Yet it was from the hearth of these grandparents that Fabre, a barefoot urchin, wandered out into the heather to satisfy his first absorbing curiosities—the beginnings of that passion for personal knowledge of phenomena which was soon to develop his genius for exact, intimate and yet imaginative observation. He has left us a curiously touching account of his first scientific experiment, conducted when he was five or six years old:

> Là, dans la solitude, au milieu des oies, des veaux et des moutons, s'éveillèrent mes premières lueurs intellectuelles . . . Un jour, les mains derrière le dos, me voilà, marmot pensif, tourné vers le soleil. L'éblouissante splendeur me fascine. Je suis la phalène attirée par la clarté de la lampe. Est-ce avec la bouche, est-ce avec les yeux que je jouis de la radieuse gloire?
>
> Telle est la question de ma curiosité scientifique naissante. Lecteur, ne souriez pas: le futur observateur déjà s'exerce, experimente. J'ouvre toute grande la bouche et je ferme les yeux. La gloire disparaît. J'ouvre les yeux et je ferme la bouche. La gloire reparaît. Je recommence. Même résultat. C'est fait: je sais pertinnement que je vois le soleil avec les yeux.

The special marks which so richly distinguish Fabre from other naturalists were already perceptible in the boy—if anyone had been interested. He was by temperament and imagination a poet, and it was from the natural world, and especially from that beautiful, grotesque, unknown and almost inscrutable world of the insect that he received his most intense aesthetic experience. He saw, with an imaginative grasp rare indeed in that peasant environment, that the world was by no means only man's. The insect creation—blind and indifferent to man as man to the insect—was more varied, complicated, bizarre, following patterns of marvellous ingenuity and skill which were all the more startling because, clearly, instinct and not intelligence was at work. It was, in some ways, a nightmare world; yet it had a compelling beauty. In it the female was entirely dominant and terrible — huntress, devourer, mighty mother, allowing the inoffensive drone, the small and anxious male spider to exist only to perform his necessary but despised function. Sometimes his necessity, even, was all but ignored: among the mantises the male was often carelessly devoured during copulation, while among certain pond and plant flies whole generations were produced and reared without sexual contact. (Were these strange formulae of reproduction, Fabre came to wonder, relics of earlier experiments on the part of the Almighty, before, in the higher creation, He hit on the reproductive system which apparently satisfied Him?)

To the ragged child, now going daily to sit on a back bench in the schoolmaster's earth-floored cottage, the beauties of the despised insect world spoke with the force of revelation. He finds a beetle, "smaller than a cherry-stone, but of an unutterable blue," and carries home his "living jewel" in an empty snail-shell, plugged with a green leaf. The image of a pigeon, roughly printed on the cover of his A.B.C., invites him more kindly than the letters which no one can be bothered to explain.

> Son oeil rond, cerclé d'une couronne de points, semble me sourire. Son aile, dont je compte une à une les plumes, me parle de l'essor là-haut, parmi les beaux nuages; elle me transporte au bois de hêtre dressant leurs troncs lisses sur un tapis de mousse d'où émergent des champignons blancs, pareils à des oeufs laissés là par quelque poule vagabonde; elle me conduit aux cimes neigeuses où l'oiseau laisse l'empreinte étoilée de ses pattes rouges.

Later, through the miserable boredoms of a squalid school, he consoles himself under the shelter of his desk, examining a snapdragon berry, a wasp's sting, the wing-case of a beetle, an oleander fruit.

Fabre himself, though in the *Souvenirs* he returns again and again to the fringe of the question, was never able to determine at what point in his dreaming boyhood it became clear to him that what he wanted was *knowledge*. From that unidentified moment, however, it was the sole end to which he struggled, against what difficulties, hardships, discouragements, he alone fully knew. His parents, worn down and embittered by poverty, saw no necessity, once he could read and write, for further schooling. Only by the hard way of scholarships and self-support could he prove his claim to a grudging continuance of education, and even this was interrupted for long periods as his parents, who had failed first as farmers and then as keepers of a succession of sordid little village cafés, claimed his labour, and he was sent to work as a stone-breaker on the railway, or the roads, or to stand selling a handful of lemons on a street corner.

Yet through these discouragements, marvellously, his resolution hardened, and from his letters to his younger brother, whom he dragged after him up the steep path of education, we feel something of the almost mystic experience which the unfolding of the intellect, and the apprehension of his own faculties, had become.

> C'est aujourd'hui jeudi; rien ne t'appelle au dehors; tu choisis un réduit bien tranquille et où ne pénètre qu'une clarté douteuse. Te voilà, les coudes sur la table, chaque pouce derrière l'oreille et un livre devant toi. L'intelligence s'éveille, la volonté en tient les rênes; le monde extérieur disparaît, l'oreille n'entend plus, l'oeil ne voit plus, le corps n'est plus rien; l'âme s'étudie, elle se souvient, elle retrouve sa science, et la lumière se fait. Les heures passent alors vite, vite, bien vite, le temps ne se mesure pas. Déjà voici le soir! . . . Mais les vérités se sont groupées en foule dans la mémoire, mais les difficultés qui t'avaient arrêté hier sont fondues au feu de la réflexion, mais des volumes sont dévorés, et tu es content de ta journée. . . .

Perhaps it was as well for posterity that he had no very clear idea of where this learning was leading him. Faith and reason both told him that it would lead to independence, to that path of science towards which his imagination ardently pointed, to freedom to work his own rich vein of scientific ore. And so, for his last thirty years, from the time Fabre was sixty until he was close on ninety, it certainly did. But the preceding forty years, the whole prime of his life, were to be worn away by poverty and the struggle for existence; by ceaseless striving to support a growing family on a primary-school teacher's pittance; by hack-work, producing countless little school text-books—jewels of lucidity indeed, but very far from being the life's work to which he now knew himself committed. If he could have foreseen those forty years of frustration, ever working to earn the means to buy leisure to work, never quite achieving it, he might have renounced the struggle, and we should have been without the *Souvenirs*, beautiful fruit of his last years of observation and reflection, haunted by memories of his boyhood as by a recurring dream.

One thinks of Darwin (with whom, in old age, he corresponded eagerly to disagree) and his long life of research made possible by domestic peace and private means. "I have had ample leisure," he wrote in his autobiography, "from not having to earn my own bread." One remembers the moneyed and cultured background, Shrewsbury, Cambridge, the heaven-sent opportunity of the five-year voyage in the *Beagle* . . . and the great evolutionist, the charming and lovable recluse of Down, is not difficult to explain.

What a contrast to the hopeless beginnings, the discouragements, the lack of recognition, the bitter poverty of Fabre! There is something exquisitely painful in the thought that he was sixty, and white-haired, before he had scraped together sufficient savings to retire behind his garden wall at Sérignan and embrace the work of his life.

The contrast between the recluse of Down and the recluse of Sérignan is painfully clear; but peace descends on liberated genius at last, and behind the high Provençal wall, for thirty years, the great work is being written. Letters are passing, too, between the two old men, mutually arguing, contradicting, acknowledging one another. The fact that Fabre, in old age, learned English the more freely to communicate with Darwin (with whom he disagreed), seems to gather up, as into the palm of one's hand, all that is most touchingly patient, noble, even religious, in the scientific spirit.

MARGARET LANE

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NESTOR

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In November, 1873, a young subaltern stepped off the train at Mooltan in the Punjab where he was to join his regiment. There had been a set-back on the way. A rascally bearer had absconded with all his money; and he had been compelled to borrow fifty rupees from a formal dinner party of strangers at Allahabad in order to enable him to continue his journey. At last, flushed with excitement, he had arrived. But a further embarrassment awaited him; for—it is a situation not unknown to subalterns to-day—he had arrived only to find that his battalion was not there. Not a whit dismayed he settled down with the 41st Regiment of Foot and was rewarded with a fortnight's shooting. So far Sir Ian Hamilton's early experience had not been unlike those of G. A. Henty's heroes. But when his own regiment, the Gordon Highlanders, marched in and entertained the 41st to dinner, a rout ensued of the kind which finds no place in Henty's romances. The Gordons possessed a loving cup—not quite as famous as that of the 14th Hussars who at Waterloo annexed Napoleon's silver *pot-de-chambre*—but large enough to make men mad.

> Then, suddenly, a gesture was made by Major George White—not quite so tremendous as the writing of *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin* on the wall, but equally upsetting. He rose, he said, to propose the health of his opposite number in the 41st, and as he was an Officer of superlative merit, he would drink the toast in a superlative fashion. So saying he took hold of one of the huge antique salt-cellars, calling for whisky, and pouring in the best part of a pint he drank to the health of Wavell of the 41st. After draining it to the last drop he swayed somewhat, but held on whilst the salt-cellar was being taken round to Wavell—who, jumping up endeavoured to bolt out of the room. Every sub. of either regiment was after him, and he was brought back to his place at the table. "He drank the poison and his spirit died." He drank, and his place at the table knew him no more for under it he fell and great was his fall.

Seven bodies lay in a row like corpses at the end of the evening; others were found in ditches. There was, however, only one real casualty. One officer, finding that his companion had collapsed, tried to restore him by biting his ear not once, but twice, before he himself fell senseless. The ear turned septic.

Life at Mooltan was not exacting. There was drill, of course, a great deal of drill: forming square to meet a cavalry charge. But there were racquets and swimming, and in the evenings one played pyramids and drank champagne or claret at dinner in mess. One spent one's leave at Simla or hunting game in Kashmir; at any time a telegram might arrive extending one's leave for four months. There were regimental balls, too, which were not devoid of incident. At one of these balls, Sir Ian noticed a lady in the closest proximity to the paymaster Swinburne who once a month would shovel silver rupees into bags of string netting for every officer

> That season dresses were being cut very low, lower than ever since the Garden of Eden, and in trying to be extra fashionable the native tailors from the bazaar had cut them a shade lower still. But it is the last straw that breaks the camel's back, and thus it came about that this nameless lady had a slip and they fell out—I don't mean she and old Swinburne—quite the contrary—I mean her most beautiful ornaments! What a subaltern would have done heaven knows; in fact, I never heard of such a thing taking place at a ball; but religion, duty, and the habit of a lifetime came to the rescue of Swinburne and, bowing, he took the precious articles as if they were bags of rupees and with the words, "Pardon me, Madam," shovelled them back.

Such was India: an India in which white women and the memories of the Mutiny had entirely divorced the English from social intercourse with the Indians and from Indian culture. Sir Ian, however, decided to take the seemingly not very remarkable step of learning the language of the people in whose land he was to live for twenty-five years. He went in for the Lower Standard examination in Hindustani. But in his regiment this decision was regarded as the last word in eccentricity. The Gordons of those days prided themselves on being a clan: it was their boast that no officer had ever volunteered for the Staff College, for a single course, for active service, for anything. Such conduct was thought to be pushing and self-seeking. Not content with Hindustani, however, Hamilton became musketry instructor and astonished his battalion and India by his new methods of training, discarding bulls-eyes and magpies for moving and hidden targets in field conditions. Then one day in 1881, when the Gordons were on the point of embarking for England, news reached the by now seasoned subaltern of trouble in South Africa. He despatched a telegram to Sir Evelyn Wood: "Personal. From Subalterns 92nd Highlanders. Splendid battalion eager service much nearer Natal than England do send." His audacity was blessed (the comments of the sergeants' mess are unrecorded); he fought and was severely wounded at the Majuba disaster; and back in hospital in England broke once again the creed of his regiment by accepting a post on the staff in India as A.D.C. to General Roberts.

Sir Ian has been a fortunate man—not least in possessing the grace of always being his own age. He was the dashing, buoyant subaltern, then the charming, sagacious staff officer. And he has been a happy man, too. He regards the world as a pleasant place; he has basked in its sun, and his enjoyment of life has never been seriously ruffled by wishing it other than it is. He is not much disturbed by the political or military feuds which have surrounded him, but flings himself into the whirlpool with abandon. Opposed to Roberts's entourage in India was the more powerful Wolseley Ring in England. Roberts was a commander *par excellence;* with the help of his staff he built up a personal relationship with his men. He knew their nature, studied their foibles, led them. Wolseley and the brilliant administrator Brackenbury were staff officers and organisers, with neither charm nor appeal for the troops. Now, when personal loyalties are dead, Sir Ian admits the worth of the Wolseleyites. But perhaps his most revealing pages are those which deal with the feuds between the two camps. For between the lines we can see the dilemmas which always face the rising young staff officer. He must be loyal to his chief, from whom all patronage flows, even if this entails abusing his chief's capable enemies. Somehow he must work up the scale, never staying too long in one job, increasing his circle of acquaintances and of influence. Promotion in peacetime dawdles and that potent officer, the Military Secretary, appears for ever to bar the gates to the land of promise. One must wangle, one must even plot . . . and, if one is like Sir Ian, a man of serene optimism, one derives enormous amusement from stirring the cauldron. And in those days one could afford to laugh because no single doubt assailed the mind. "The Queen believed in herself and we believed in her. There lay the secret of the Victorian Age." Though it was not always graced with Sir Ian's high-spirited sense of humour and the ludicrous, this Victorian uncritical self-confidence was a quality whose absence to-day we must often regret.

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AN ADULT NATION

The Dutch Nation: An Historical Study. By J. G. RENIER. *Allen and Unwin.* 15s.

The Dutch, like the English in so many other respects, are like them in rejecting the heroic view of their past. While we over here fashionably decry the old theory of freedom broadening down from precedent to precedent and detect the calculating financier within the dauntless breast of John Hampden the Patriot, the Dutch now delight to attribute reactionary sentiments to the rebels who founded their State and broadmindedly to ascribe progressive ideas to Philip II of Spain. Only the most self-assured peoples can afford to juggle so with their history.

Dr. Renier adopts this cheerfully deprecating attitude. Behold the mediæval Dutch, their heads full of local interests and private goals, defending their outmoded institutions against the Brave New Order of Philip II. That is, of course, one way of looking at it; yet the Dutch revolt added a vigorous new nation to the European map, and Philip's New Order ended in a nightmare of corruption, insolvency and war. The truth is that progressive or reactionary—mediæval or modern, even—are, in this context, irrelevant terms. The essential for the healthy growth of a nation is the organic continuity of its institutions: this was what the Dutch rebels (like any other vigorous people in like circumstances) fought for and gained. The entire development of Europe is based on these "wills" and "won'ts" of corporate groups, of peoples or of nations, and the fact that the Dutch State was founded on a "won't" rather than a "will" is of no great importance.

Whatever the motives of the revolt, its results were astonishing, and Dr. Renier writes chiefly about these, about the development first of a State, then of a nation, finally of a way of life and a method of government. For "an accurate story of the War of Liberation" itself he warns the unwary off the enthusiastic Motley and directs readers to the austere Geyl. He himself is not in the least concerned to write an historical account. Instead he has thrown together in a learned, capricious, tantalising book some apt political reflections (he is admirable on "nationalism"), some amusing social comments, a literary study of Jacob Cats, a rather tedious love-story, and a remarkable analysis of the elements which created the Dutch Republic.

The seventeenth century is clearly Dr. Renier's favourite epoch, though he notices disparagingly *en passant* that it was also the most unwashed. (I doubt this; the fifteenth and sixteenth are my candidates.) He gives much slighter treatment to the collapse of the Republic, the Union with Belgium and the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries generally, but the proportion is reasonable, for the seventeenth century was undoubtedly the Golden Age of Holland, and was decisive for the growth and character of the Dutch people.

The most valuable contribution to knowledge in the book is this study of the development of a nation, poised in delicate equilibrium between the House of Orange and the merchant oligarchs of the great cities. Dr. Renier idealises neither side, but demonstrates with mathematical precision the necessity of both to the adolescent State. The Netherlands are unique in Europe, if not in the world, in having their national existence and a great part of their development inextricably bound up with a single dynasty. It is not so much the monarchy—a more recent feature—as the House of Orange itself which is essential to the Dutch political structure.

Yet with all its incidental brilliance the book is somehow unsatisfying. There is so much more that Dr. Renier could have said. The curtain hiding his surely inexhaustible knowledge of the Netherlands is lifted and as suddenly dropped again; the vista is revealed, not explored. Catholicism in Holland, for instance—how remarkable that so wealthy and so large a section of the population acquiesced for so long in political silence. What light does this throw on the common assertion that political power follows the money power? It is an extraordinary case worth careful investigation.

In the prevailing ignorance of European history in this country has Dr. Renier missed an obvious opportunity in not providing us with a straightforward history of the Netherlands? His is an acrobatic intellect not to be tied down to footslogging chronological sequence, preferring to bound here, there and everywhere over the rich ground so familiar to him, pointing out the fascinating detail, gathering materials for the emphatic contrast. An unusual mind at work on a good theme is always worth watching; it would be ungrateful, therefore, to regret that the book Dr. Renier has written is not a different book which, quite possibly, he would not have written so well.

C. V. WEDGWOOD

A VEXED QUESTION

Romanticism and the Modern Ego. By JACQUES BARZUN. *Secker & Warburg.* 18s.

The jaded reviewer, faced by yet another book about Romanticism, must be forgiven for taking a wary and sceptical approach. It is not so much that the ground is encumbered with the bodies of those whom this subject has routed, but that the word itself has been bled white by abuse. Yet we cannot do without the term; to deprive ourselves of it at this stage would be as crippling as an attempt to write without ever using a particular preposition. Nor is it necessary that *romantic* should mean one thing only: to demand that would be puritanical. What is desirable is that the word should not be used unless its meaning is clear from the context.

The latest comer to these lists is associate Professor of History at Columbia University. Though he bears a French name, his book is most un-French: it is consistently emphatic; it says a few things in the maximum number of words; it flourishes names like flags, but without leaving an impression of erudition; and it is overloaded with notes (largely useless, because the reader is not warned on the pages to which they apply). It should be said at the outset that the book consists of reprinted lectures, but the author would have done well to bear in mind that sentences intended to be spoken have a very different kind of impact if transferred direct to print. Criticism of this kind, if it is to reach its mark in educated minds, must have a certain gravity which is wholly to seek in Mr. Barzun's jaunty and pugnacious style.

The thesis he puts forward is that, viewed historically, Romanticism represented what was healthy and progressive both in art and in life; that modern Fascism cannot be laid at the door of Romanticism; and that it is always the Romantic spirit which "hands on the torch," while the Classicist is, consciously or unconsciously, allied to the forces of reaction.

There is obviously some truth in these contentions. They can be substantiated, but not, I think, by the methods here chosen. To begin with, if it is indeed true—as Mr. Barzun comes to the conclusion it is—that Classicism *versus* Romanticism is a dispute over words, then there can be little excuse for chewing over so insubstantial a cud. But, in fact, the dichotomy is a very real one and expresses the essential difference between Innocence and Experience, between Adolescence and Adulthood. To say this is not

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necessarily to depreciate one at the expense of the other—unless you are a Romantic, in which case you can never see more than one side of anything. But to realise the true meaning of the difference involved, it is necessary to have passed out of adolescence into a state of mind which recognises the paradox that the road of excess only leads to the palace of wisdom *after* it has narrowed into a very different way. Thus the true classical view comprehends and sees beyond Romanticism, while the converse is never true. Mr. Barzun, of course, would not agree with this; but his anti-classical arguments are apt to be disingenuous. For example:

> Pro-classical critics are wont to say of the Romanticist they half admire, "If only he had had discipline!" It would be easy to retort of a Classicist, "If only he had been let alone by rule-ridden mediocrities!"

Easy, but pointless; for the implication, that the classicist wants every artist to be guided by rule-ridden mediocrities, is quite simply untrue. The discipline he thinks desirable is self-discipline, and it is exactly this quality the want of which prevented romantics like D. H. Lawrence from ever producing an integral work of art.

Mr. Barzun is fond of the question-begging epithet. This is the way he defends Rousseau:

> Locke's timidity and inconsequence do not bear comparison with Rousseau's grasp of fact, any more than does the sentimental utopianism which Montesquieu displays whenever he leaves ancient times. Rousseau, to be sure, owes something to both Locke and Montesquieu, but he belongs to the greater tradition of Hobbes and Machiavelli, whom he supplements and perfects by showing that they do not go far enough.

To link Rousseau with Hobbes and Machiavelli seems to me to destroy the author's contention that Rousseau is not to be considered as in any way a pioneer of Fascism, since if ever there were a couple of Fascists-before-the-letter they were Hobbes and Machiavelli; and Mr. Barzun would have done better, from his own point of view, to hush up their connection (not to me very apparent) with Rousseau. Instead—and even earlier in the book—he draws up an arbitrary list of early nineteenth century Romantics and challenges the classicist to affirm that these were "pioneers of the totalitarian state." Here is his list: "Goethe, Mickiewicz, Blake, Delacroix, Shelley, Schopenhauer, Heine, Berlioz, Pushkin, Scott, Dumas, Manzoni, Chopin, Lamb, Hazlitt, Thoreau." I must confess I cannot see what is proved by a string of names like this. Some of these men had obvious authoritarian leanings (Carlyle, Schopenhauer, Scott—even Goethe at times), while in others the qualities that go to make up the Fascist *persona* are much less important than those which have nothing to do with it. The point is that in all the artists mentioned will be found proclivities—pride, ill-controlled emotion, violent emphasis—which, given the circumstances, help to produce Fascism. This is not saying anything very interesting or profound; it merely establishes one kind of connection between Romanticism and Fascism, just as another kind of analysis would establish a connection between Classicism and Fascism. Arguments couched in these terms can be made to prove anything. The really important point (not made by Mr. Barzun) is that Romanticism is a *secondary*, not a primary, quality in human beings, so that whether it makes for good or evil depends upon the balance of the personality of which it is an expression. In Keats the outcome was happy. In Gérard de Nerval it was less so, in minor figures like Petrus Borel (one thinks of modern equivalents) it was disastrous. Nor is the case for Romanticism made easier by the fact that all thorough-going romantics practise self-deception. When the degree of this is small, the harm may not be great; but when it is formidable—as in the case of writers like Rousseau and men of action like Hitler—the result is catastrophic, because self-deceivers often have little difficulty in imposing their misrepresentations on other people. Great men like Goethe, who begin as romantics and afterwards transform the passion and lyricism of their youth into the balanced art works of a classical middle age, speak directly to the world in the language of shared truth. Their influence is wholly beneficent and of use to future ages. But a romantic like Ferdinand Lassalle, for instance—loud, vacuous and maniacal, a nuisance to everyone with whom he came into contact—succeeded in convincing as acute an intellect as Meredith's that he was a genius and a patriot.

The tragi-comedy of Romanticism is the result of schizoid tendencies within the growing personality, and these again depend for their existence on the structure of society. In periods of unrest, like the turn of the eighteenth century, and the 1920's and '30's, the break up of the social fabric under various kinds of pressure led to a sense of insecurity in the youth of those times and so to a prevalent schizophrenia. The results of this malady can be seen to-day and we shall not cure it by accusing the classical outlook of obstructing progress. Mr. Barzun twists his facts to produce the conclusions he favours, and when he wishes to discredit the modern age puts into its mouth words which were never there. Who calls the Finale of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony "vulgar," or the Fifth Symphony "blatant"? Even the statements in this book are open to a similar objection. When we read that the debt "owed by Debussy and the whole French school to Berlioz has been stated on good authority," we should like to be told of the authority, since to us the debt in many cases seems tenuous to the point of non-existence. Equally, when Mr. Barzun lays it down that "the last hundred and fifty years have, on the whole, been kinder to artists than any previous culture," we are moved to ask: Kinder than Renaissance Italy, than seventeenth century France, than fifth century Athens?

I would not be taken as implying that there is nothing of value to be got out of this book, but it is calculated to mislead the casual reader.

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Into three shorter essays, Mr. Ketton-Cremer condenses the lives of Dr. Messenger Monsey, the eccentric physician, Benjamin Stillingfleet, the minor poet and botanist, and Richard Gardiner, a somewhat nondescript scallywag. Monsey was remarkable for his puns and his rudeness as well as his longevity. Stillingfleet is now best known as the original "blue-stocking" from the blue worsted workaday stockings that he refused to change when attending Mrs. Montagu's *salon*; but he was a botanist of distinction and introduced the Linnaean system into England. Gardiner pretended he was the illegitimate son of the second Earl of Orford, wrote lampoons on his neighbours and had a famous quarrel with Coke of Norfolk.

The life of Oliver Le Neve, a simple squire, is almost confined to the history of his duel in 1698, in which he killed Sir Henry Hobart, as the outcome of an election quarrel. Le Neve had been reluctantly obliged to fight; but nevertheless he had to fly the country for 18 months and risk the loss of his estate as a result. Mr. Ketton-Cremer also gives an amusing record of the fantastic gambling of the Windham family during the South Sea Bubble.

The final essay treats of Norfolk under the threat of invasion during the Seven Years War and the Napoleonic wars. Judging by his own experience in the Home Guard Mr. Ketton-Cremer finds Norfolk's response to the call of patriotism as spirited as ever. RALPH PARTRIDGE

THE MEDEA

The Medea of Euripides. A translation by Rex Warner. *John Lane.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

It must be thirty years since Mr. T. S. Eliot in a sour little essay called "Euripides and Professor Murray" discussed the translation of Euripides into English and argued that the best hope lay in the manner of Miss Hilda Doolittle. Though Mr. Eliot has since been President of the Classical Association, his advice does not seem to have been followed, and the latest translator of the *Medea* claims the precedent not of Miss Doolittle but of Robert Browning. Mr. Warner modestly says that he himself is not a great poet, and that therefore "it seems safer to stick as closely as possible to the original." The result is an extremely interesting version which will plainly go well on the stage, and has already done so according to the reports of those who saw it acted by the boys of Raynes Park School. Mr. Warner is careful and accurate. He eschews rhyme and does not even use blank verse but a twelve-syllabled line, not unlike that of *The Testament of Beauty*. This is of the same length as the Greek original, and saves unnecessary compression, even if it lacks the formality and rhythm of the Greek. It is particularly good in the *stichomythia*, the interchange of single lines between characters which seems so odd when Swinburne uses it in *Atalanta in Calydon*. Mr. Warner makes no attempt to dress up his English. It is plain and homespun, and to one reader at least reflects the conscious simplicity in the original. When Medea makes her first appearance, she begins her speech with the words:

> Women of Corinth, I have come outside to you
> Lest you should be indignant with me; for I know
> That many people are overproud, some when alone
> And others when in company.

That surely has more of the Euripidean fluency than has Professor Murray's version:

> Women of Corinth, I am come to show
> My face lest ye despise me. For I know
> Some heads stand high, and fail not, even at night
> Alone—far less like this, in all men's sight.

The same simplicity comes out in Mr. Warner's versions of the Choruses. He might claim the authority of Matthew Arnold, if not of Milton, in doing them into unrhymed verse of various lengths. In them he heightens his style and is more lyrical than in the other parts, and this is right; for in his choruses Euripides used a different kind of language, more traditional and more consciously poetical. Mr. Warner's version of the famous lines on Athens deserves quotation:

> From of old the children of Erechtheus are
> Splendid, the sons of blessed gods. They dwell
> In Athens' holy and unconquered land,
> Where famous Wisdom feeds them and they pass gaily
> Always through that most brilliant air, where once, they say,
> That golden Harmony gave birth to the nine
> Pure Muses of Pieria.

This may not have the lilt and swing of the Greek, but it has its clarity and its directness. It could be easily recited or even sung in a performance of the *Medea*, and since the *Medea* was intended for the stage, it is as well the English versions of it should be suitable for acting.

C. M. BOWRA

THE UNFINISHED REVOLUTION

Common Cause. By G. A. BORGESE. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Professor Borgese's new book is no easier to review than it is to read. Less unified, more muddled and illusive than his *March of Fascism*, *Common Cause* is cast almost in the form of a diary, written between Tobruk's fall to the Axis and the eve of the capture of all Africa by the Western Allies. The preface of the book is dated September 1, 1943. Nevertheless *Common Cause* is immensely topical though some readers may disagree with Professor Borgese's opinions and judgments.

To call *Common Cause* a diary—the term is suggested by the author's preface—is perhaps not quite exact. It is a series of more or less loose reflections, ranging from "Why the British Empire failed," essays or rather fragments on Russia, Germany, U.S.A., Churchill, Roosevelt, the Atlantic Charter, a long and devastating analysis of the political philosophy and practice of the Catholic Church, not without a fine appreciation of the possibilities of a liberal Catholicism, and many other themes, to Professor Borgese's own political ideas which culminate in

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the postulates of a universal humanism, a coming world monarchy or World Republic in which "the higher talents in science, in philosophy, and in poetry . . . will build the aristocracy in world government, with councils of élites intermediate between the power and the people." Frankly, this last part of *Common Cause* is absurdly unrealistic and may hamper the influence of an otherwise exceedingly suggestive book.

Nevertheless, I hope *Common Cause* will find many readers because the author of the *March of Fascism* is, in my opinion, one of the finest contemporary writers. *Common Cause* is a most outspoken and courageous book. Professor Borgese criticises without restraint, though he is now an adoptive son of America, the President of the United States, nor does he mince his words when he analyses British foreign policy. Yet his analytical gifts appear to be superior to his prophetic instincts. He reminds me sometimes of Nietzsche who, *e.g.* in *Wille zur Macht* is convincing where he analyses and abstruse where he prophesies.

The substance of the book is the relationship between Soviet Russia and the West. Professor Borgese is, I believe, very good on America and Soviet Russia, not to mention Italy, he is scanty on French and German problems, and he is very wrong on Great Britain. I wonder whether he has ever *lived* in this country? If not, and he comes over sometime, I should regard it as a privilege to introduce him to the *real* England which he may find in a village pub, perhaps not so much in books. One cannot help feeling, how very far away America is from our blitzed London. J. P. MAYER

Charters of the Peace. By W. ARNOLD-FOSTER. *Gollancz.* 6*s.*

Mr. Arnold Foster has produced an invaluable handbook. Avoiding the twin snares of discussing the future of Europe purely in terms of general principles, or alternatively of naively accepting all the implications of power politics, he frankly discusses the actual promises that have been made by the Allies, and the problems of their detailed application. His interpretation of the Atlantic Charter shows that it may be a document to unite the Allies—and Europe, too, if we intend to fulfil its economic provisions. After discussing the limitations of "self-determination" and "self-government," he faces the meaning for Europe of Freedom from Want, and the practical problems of producing an integrated and better-fed Europe. He discusses the freedom of the seas, and does not dispute the difficulties of fulfilling the promise to build a world organisation for general security. He is at his most sensible and persuasive in discussing the various proposals for territorial change in Eastern Europe. As a short statement of these issues, designed to produce an amicable and lasting settlement in Europe, Mr. Arnold Foster could not be bettered. This book is short, well documented, and exactly what the multitude of people should need for reference in the next stage of world discussion.

The Free Church Tradition in the Life of England. By ERNEST A. PAYNE. *Student Christian Movement Press.* 6*s.*

Those who have not been brought up in Nonconformity are usually very ignorant of its history. Writers like Halévy, the Hammonds and Mr. Tawney have emphasised its influence, but Dissenters themselves have not been distinguished as historians. Mr. Payne's modest volume provides a useful summary of their evolution and their ethos. He writes as an apologist, and therefore, while admitting certain defects in the Nonconformist tradition, he prefers to pass silently over some of the more relevant facts. Thus he expatiates upon the ejection of the Puritan clergy in 1662, but he does not mention the previous ejection of the Laudians. Again he justly emphasises the perpetual need for upholding the principle of toleration, but he also takes for granted that Dissenters have been faithful to this principle. The detached observer may doubt whether their zeal for toleration has not proceeded chiefly from their being a minority. He remembers not only the conduct of the Puritans during the Cromwellian dictatorship, but the strenuous attempts of Nonconformists in more recent times to impose upon their countrymen their own abstinence from alcohol and Sunday recreations. A freethinker could add that, apart from the Unitarians, Dissenters in the nineteenth century were conspicuously intolerant of his opinions.

Mr. Payne admits that during the last thirty years the Free Churches have suffered a decline, and attributes this in part to a revival in the Church of England. Such a decline was doubtless inevitable, because the Free Churches were founded upon wholehearted though variously interpreted devotion to a Book the infallibility of which no longer commands easy acquiescence. But Mr. Payne seems to neglect the growth in this country of the Church of Rome, and the likelihood of her becoming the residuary legatee of all forms of dogmatic Christianity. The zeal that used to inspire Dissenters has largely been reincarnated in the champions of the Left, a large proportion of whom are of Nonconformist origin; and it is doubtful whether Mr. Payne has much ground for his hopes of a revival of the Free Churches as such. But his testimony to their moral and political usefulness in the past is not to be neglected, and one of his great merits is to provide a wealth of references to other books on his subject.

Soviet One-Act Plays. Selected by HERBERT MARSHALL. *Pilot Press.* 4*s.*

These eleven short plays, or rather sketches, have been put together for the use of amateur dramatic societies desirous of handling some modern Russian work. They are all Socialist Realist plays, that is to say frankly didactic, so whether they are successful or not is the old question of "Can the pill be sugared?" again. English audiences being unrepentantly bourgeois, most of them, more sugar is needed here than in the U.S.S.R., and for that reason a semi-comic sketch like V. Kvasnitsky's "The Feminine Touch" has a better chance of getting its message across than the more earnest pieces. But, that apart, the most dramatic and effective are P. Yaltsev's "The Ocean" and the late Afinogenev's war-sketch "The Passer-by." The plays are well selected, being easy to stage and only requiring small castes; there are useful explanatory notes; and the translations are fluent. But translators really should stop rendering "interesnaya" (as applied to women) as "interesting." "Attractive" is the right English equivalent.

NEW PAMPHLETS

THE LIFE WE WANT. By LORD MESTON and B. L. COOMBES. NO MORE FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By J. HAMPDEN JACKSON. GOVERNMENT AND INDUSTRY. By SIR ANDREW MCFADYEAN. THE EXPANSION OF EDUCATION. By C. S. WALTON. HOLIDAYS FOR ALL. By SIR RONALD DAVISON. *Lund Humphries.* 1*s. each.*

A series of pamphlets published for the Liberal Party, which provide a basis for discussion groups or for adult education classes. They are not written in the form of syllabuses.

SOCIOLOGY AND EDUCATION. *Le Play House Press.* 5*s.*

A collection of addresses given at a conference in Oxford last January, organised by the Institute of Sociology. Subjects discussed range from the sociology of education, town planning, child welfare, to anthropology and teaching methods. The speakers are all first-class authorities, including Ginsberg, Mess, Marett and Mannheim. Valuable for a wider field than specialists.

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SOVIET HEALTH PROTECTION. SOVIET WAR NEWS. 6d.
A simple and interesting account of Soviet medical organisation.

Week-end Competition

No. 764

Set by Roger Marvell

The rumour goes that prominent Nazis are now in the hands of the plastic surgeons, who are making them unrecognisable. Competitors are invited to submit not more than 20 lines of verse in the manner of Browning, describing the appearance and conduct of a colony of such personages after the war.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 761

Set by Saint-Loup

Competitors are invited to submit poems of not more than 16 lines on Paris, Chartres, Aix, Avignon or any other French city or village that has been liberated.

Report by Saint-Loup

Paris, very naturally, was the place that inspired most entries; Avignon and Chartres came next. Among other inspirations were Aigues-Mortes, Brie, Deauville, Dieppe, Falaise, Fréjus, Le Mans, Mont St-Michel, Nyons, Oradour and Rouen. Allan M. Laing sent a troilet in French which has charm, but I think in so traditional a form the rules about the *e muet* must be observed. Other specially good entries came from Willy Tadpole, W. T C., Dot, A. S. W., Constance Sewell, T. St. George, H. S. Murray, T. E. Casson, R. S. Jaffray, Silvia Tatham, Elizabeth Lister, Ann Staveley-Taylor, Leslie Johnson, and Pibwob. I recommend that the prizes be divided between William Bliss, L. E. J., R. J. P. Hewison and Ronald Mason. I print also the charming verse of D. E. S., though it seems to me a touch too "free."

CHARTRES

When the young Norman spirit, like a fire,
Swept across Europe, then in flame was born
The Soul of France! Begot of their desire
Window and Arch and Pinnacle and Spire
Leapt from the earth to shaft the new-flung morn.
Strong Prayers in marble, Canticles in stone,
The great Cathedrals in their beauty rose;
Where Loire by *Tours* and *Blois* and *Nevers* flows;
Rouen, Limoges, Avignon by the Rhone,
Arras, Rheims, Tournai, Amiens and *Cologne;*
And—while the Quires of Angels held their breath—
Splendid and strong and beautiful and tall
Chartres, the Queen and Cynosure of all,
Lifting her towers to Heaven; defying Death! . . .
So, when Death threatened, Michael couched his lance
And saved, for Europe's soul, the soul of France!

WILLIAM BLISS

AVIGNON—AUGUST, 1944

A broken bridge and a brown-walled town;
Not a cypress stirs, for the wind is down,
Yet still is the head of the cypress bent
To the hard clear South where the Mistral went.

By a Pope's brown palace a brown girl stands
With nothing to hold in her listless hands,
Whilst the foe looks back from a bone-white-ridge
On the old brown town and the broken bridge.

The wind is down: on the hot white plain
The foeman's dust in Provence again;
But the girl, like the cypress, bends her head
To the hard white stones where her love lies dead.

L. E. J.

ST-VALERY EN CAUX

September, 1944

"We'll come again next year," we said
That June, "if there should be no war."
We saw St-Valéry no more:
Next year the Germans came instead.

Oh little town between your cliffs,
Held firmly in their vice-like cleft,
The unwelcome visitors have left
You free. Next year there'll be no ifs.

But oh, I wonder, shall we dare?
And if we dare what shall we find?
What lasting hurt to heart and mind?
What ravages beyond repair?

We, too, these years, have suffered change;
Our hearts can show their aching gaps.
If then we say, "Next year—perhaps . . ."
Think us not arrogant or strange.

R. J. P. HEWISON

CABOURG

[Proust's "Balbec."]

Cabourg is free; and Balbec beach,
Restored to immortality,
Resumes its interrupted speech
To you and me.

The jackboot will no more resound
About the windowed hotel-halls
Where, drenched in noon-light, ocean-drowned,
Time's memory calls.

The shade of him who loved them most,
Pale, introvert and epicene,
Pursuing the capricious ghost
Of Albertine.

Time runs again; with Balbec freed
There's new remembering to do.
Is not this goodly news indeed
For you, Saint-Loup?

RONALD MASON

VENCE (A.M.)

Dear John,
Don't go up by the sacré Sud,
the cicalas are better companions
between the olives, Homerically green.
They say these hill places show Moorish influences
at the centre the church tower, high, square,
dominating the close stone houses; older
traces surprise you about the narrow ways:
"Dis Manibus" there, at the street corner.
Et mes commissions (you must earn
sunshine, oranges and the Baous);
My compliments to Biffi; at the "Chateau"
get Isabel to make you the "Sanvidge Anglais";
near the fountain (analysed for your benefit)
at the shop where "Auntie" shows peasant handcraft
on the first landing, if it is where we set it,
see, the Phoenix rises up, ever living. D. E. S.

Company Meeting

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The report and accounts were unanimously adopted and a final dividend of 6 per cent., less tax, making 10 per cent. for the year, was declared.

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